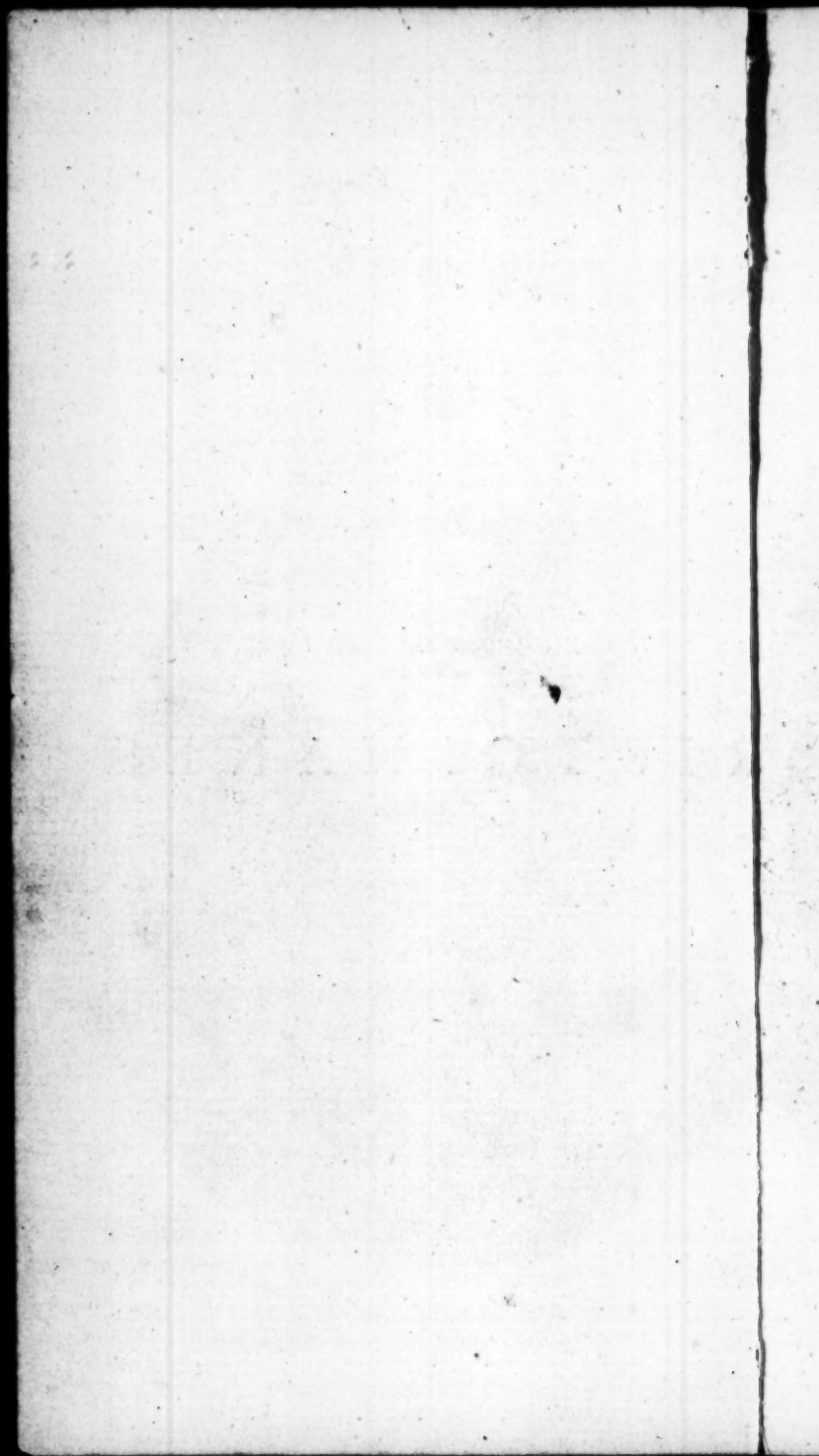
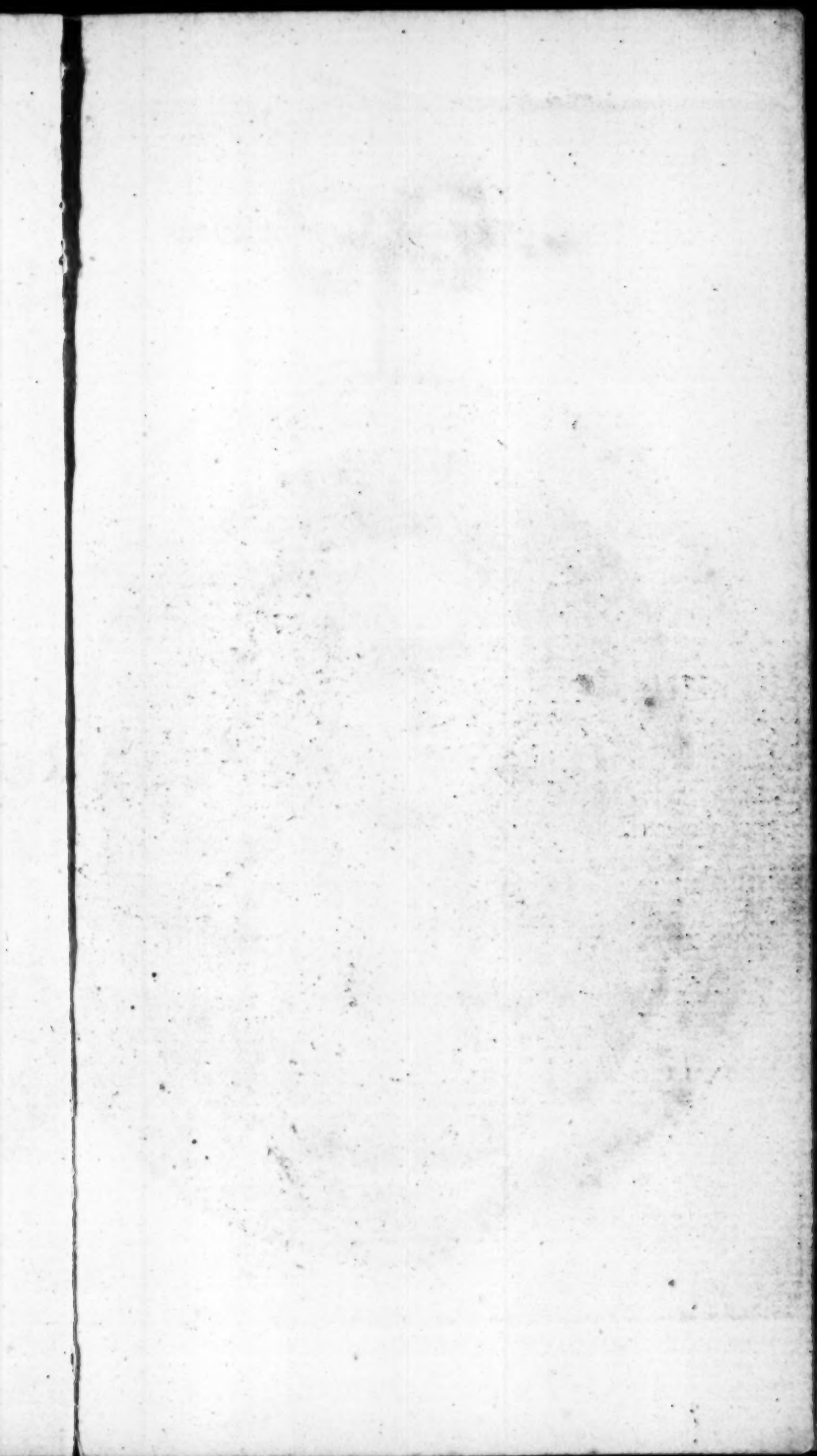
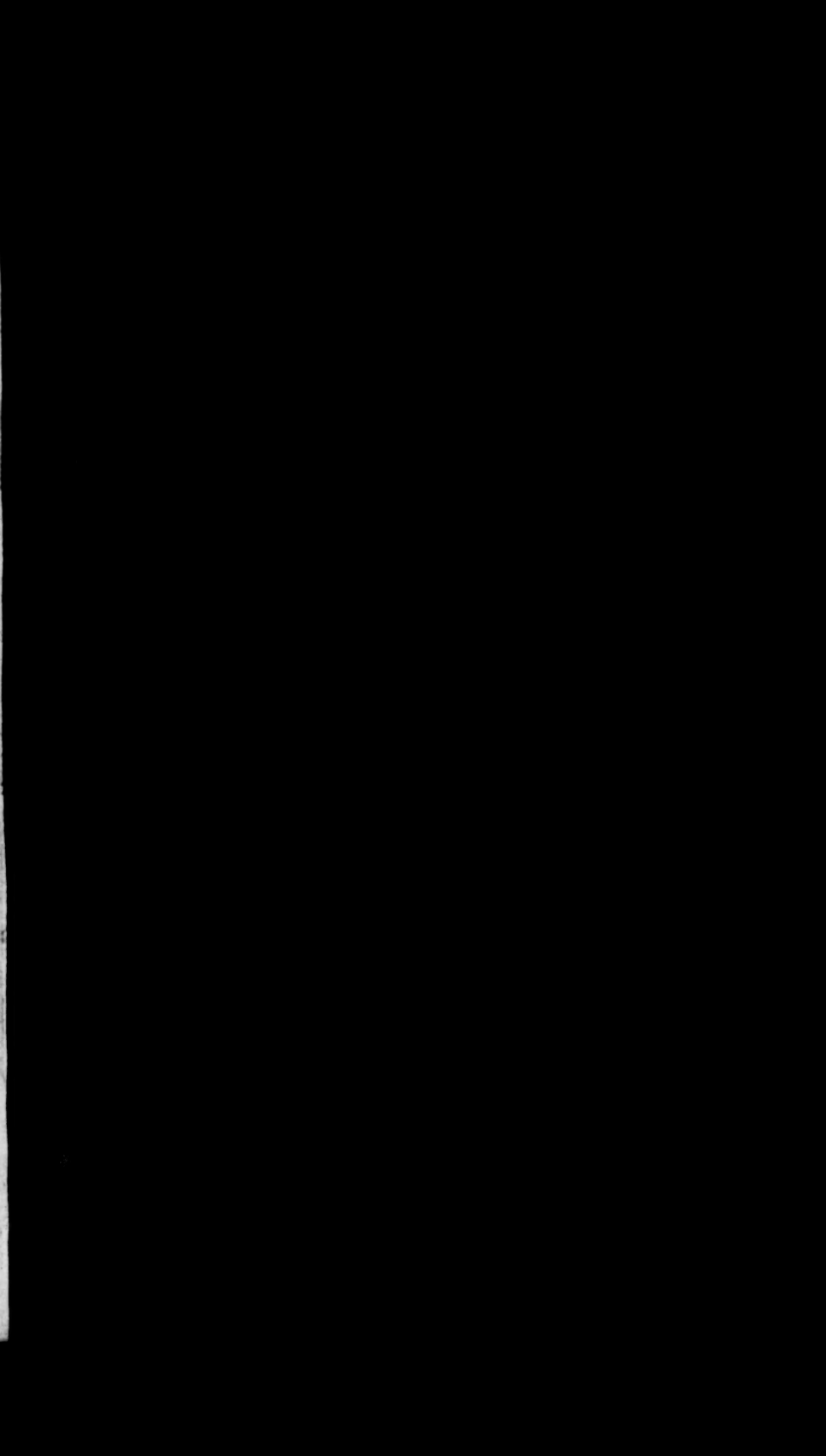


ARISTOPHANES.









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With an engraved Head of

SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

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ARISTOPHANES

WITH A CLASSIC COMMENTARY BY

THE REV. ALFRED WILKINSON

OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

THE REV. JOHN GIBSON, D.D., OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

AND THE REV. JOHN GIBSON, D.D., OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

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THE LIFE OF

SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE LIFE OF

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

IT is a whimsical idea which has often taken possession of my mind, and given colouring to my fancy, that the God of Nature only created a certain number of souls to alternately possess different bodies, by which means we discover a similitude of features, and a resemblance of genius, courage and character; according to this extravagant notion, I could class together groupes of heroes, heroines, wits, painters, orators and philosophers—As Roscius to Garrick, Terence

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rence to Colman, and Aristophanes * to Foote; and so very like was the latter to the

* Mr. Foote, as an *author*, has been constantly compared to Aristophanes; but those who gave him this appellation (if they meant to compliment him) did not consider that, although Aristophanes took partly the same line, that line was afterwards reprobated on the Athenian stage, as *unjust* and *cruel*, because he introduced some of the best characters then living; and finding out some particular foible (which all are subject to) made that the *test of his ridicule*. This is as *wantonly cruel*, as it is *undramatic*; the stage, though it should “hold the mirror up to nature,” ought to shew it in the *gross*, and not *individually*, and expose no one vice or foible, as Addison justly says, that does not *at least fit a thousand people*.

It were to be wished, therefore, that Mr. Foote was more *unlike* Aristophanes in this respect; his *dramatic character*, at least, would stand much higher: but if he forgot himself in the draught of a *Peter Paragraph* or *Cadwallader*, he made himself and the public ample amends in his *Mayor of Garrat*, *Commissary*, *Devil upon two Sticks*, *Nabob*, &c. These are *general satires upon general vices*; and though they don't seemingly point out any *particular person*, they prevent, in a *great measure*, any *particular person* from *imitating the vice*. In respect to the management of his comic pieces, few of them are so finished as to be called *perfect*, yet such as they are, you readily find out that it was nothing but that *indolence of temper* which is usually attached to

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the former, that he was so called by all his contemporaries; the soul of Aristophanes animated his bodily crust, and rather

to genius, that prevented them from being finished, as they abound with character, situation, wit, observation and *humour*; indeed, this last he possessed in a greater degree than any modern we know of; and we are sorry to make this observation, that it has in a great measure died with him; for though our best comic writers are not deficient in wit, (which they sometimes distribute to their *dramatis personæ*, too generally, and often without respect to character) they give us very little *humour*, which is the strong feature of the low English character in real life, but which is *swearing off the stage* too fast at least for the true spirit of English comedy.

As an actor, in the usual line of business, we always thought him inferior to his general character, but notwithstanding this, he had the art of writing himself into reputation as a performer, by standing on a line of the *outré*, which disarmed criticism with a laugh, and made *fancy* admire what judgment often might reject—His mimicry was of the same species of his general acting, seldom or never *chaste*, but always *diverting*; he secured enough of the character he mimicked to mark him, and his own whimsical powers supplied the rest. In short, Foote was, upon the whole, a very extraordinary man, possessed of great judgment, considerable learning, great *fancy*, strong *humour*, and fine wit, without any other alloy, than that he was too ready to sacrifice all those to a laugh.

encreased its strength than diminished it by transmigration, which in general is not the case; for every new Horace, Ovid and Virgil is very inferior to the original. Was I to pursue the parallel, the similitudes would be striking; but as I have made my comparison with Mr. Foote, and not without some success, I shall now go on to give such an account of the man, as his wit, genius, and character demanded.

Samuel Foote, Esq. was born at Truro in Cornwall, about the year 1721; his father was member for Tiverton in Devonshire, and his mother the heiress of the Dinely * and Goodere families, of which he always spoke with much pleasure, and kept the tree of pedigree and genealogy hung up on the stair-case, which he would frequently produce to prove the origin of his family, and the honour of his lineage: from these ances-

* This circumstance was in consequence of an unhappy and fatal quarrel between the two brothers.

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tors he received a great estate, and was educated accordingly, first in the grammar-school of Truro, from whence he was, at a proper season, removed to Worcester-college, in the university of Oxford, a college founded by one of his near relations. Early in life Mr. Foote came into possession of an ample fortune; but the extraordinary liveliness of his disposition, added to an uncommon quickness of parts, rendering him a very desirable companion, he soon formed a large circle of acquaintance, and joining with them in all the dissipations of the times, found himself in distress in a very few years. In a whimsical moment he thought of the stage, as a field for fame and fortune, and played Othello at the little theatre in the Haymarket,* as a trial part. He afterwards appeared as Fondlewife, Lord Foppington, Sir Paul Plyant, and in many other characters, with success. About the year

* At this time the late Sir John Hill played Roderigo to his Othello.

1746, he opened the Hay-market theatre with his *Diversions of the Morning*, but was stopped on the second day's performance through the interest, and at the request, of the late Mr. Lacy, at that time patentee of Drury-lane theatre. He afterwards procured the protection of a noble Duke, and through his means continued for some time to profit, by presenting the public with various excentric efforts of his muse. He has since had more than one engagement at Drury-lane theatre during Mr. Garrick's management, and for several successive summers, within the last twenty years, played at the Hay-market house, under favour of a licence from the Lord Chamberlain for the time being; a well-known accident † (which

† Some few years since, Mr. Foote used to play in the summer months at the King's theatre in the Hay-market, after which, with the permission of the Chamberlain, at the little theatre. Being one day a hunting with the late Duke of York, in leaping a ditch, his horse threw him, and broke his leg by the fall, which was amputated a little below the knee. Hurt thereby in his profession (though the

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happened to him in the year 1766) was the means of his obtaining a patent, authorizing him, during the term of his natural life, to open the Hay-market theatre on the 15th of May, and to continue it open till the 15th of September every year. His various pieces are familiar to the public.* Few authors can boast of having written

the public ever after received him with the usual applause) the Duke applied to his Majesty for a patent, for his life, of a theatre in London, to perform from the 15th of May to the 15th of September, which, to soften his misfortune, was granted him. He thereupon enlarged what was then called the Little Theatre. Mr. Jewel was at this time a servant to the late Duke of York, and attended him in his confinement with great tenderness, which Foote never forgot, but testified his gratitude by repeated acts of friendship, and made him treasurer to his theatre.

* The Diversions of the Morning. An Auction of Pictures, (never published.) The Knights. Englishman in Paris. Englishman returned from Paris. The Orators. The Author. The Minor. Taste. The Mayor of Garrat. Lyar. Patron. The Devil on two Sticks. Puppet-Show, with an Exordium. Piety in Pattens. Bankrupt. Nabob. Commissary. Cozeners. Maid of Bath. Lame Lover. Capuchin.

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so many; perhaps no one of having so rarely experienced the censure of the theatre. His *forte* was the exhibition of character, in which, although he was rather a painter for effect, than the holder of a delicate pencil, yet for boldness of outline, and strength and truth of colouring, he stood unrivalled. His dialogue in general is terse, easy, and witty. His scenes teem with true humour, and under the mask of infinite pleasantry, convey the strongest satire. No dramatic writer ever paid less attention to the fables of his plays, and yet there are not to be seen in the whole round of modern pieces, so many striking pictures of vice and folly as have been drawn by the late Mr. Foote; he may be truly said to have "caught the living manners as they rose," and to have had the happy art of presenting, whatever he designed to exhibit, in a point of view so truly ridiculous, that every auditor was under the necessity of joining in the general laughter excited,

and

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and left the theatre not the less amended for having been uncommonly well entertained. As an author, he was fertile, comic, and nervous; as an actor, bold, original, and warm; his talents, it is true, lay rather in the exhibition of caricature than character; in a peculiar line, however, and that of a capital sort, he was not only masterly, but superior to every competitor.

If he did not boast the wit of *Congreve* and the elegance of *Etheridge*, yet his compositions are always embellished with severe strokes of the keenest satire, and the nicest touches of temporary humour, such as the quickest genius and the best judgment could only dictate. As true characters of nature, and figures of the age he lived in, the world will admire those of Major Sturgeon, Mother Cole, the Lyar, Jerry Sneake, Billy Button, Dingey, Cadwallader, Dr. Laft, &c. to the most remote periods, and will ever lament that they have lost the entertainment

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ment of his performance, which was so superior, and so like the originals, that no other person will be able to give that colouring to the characters, in which he was most excellent. Many people severely censured our author, for the public display he made of living characters; but in that the moral and sensible world must acquit him, as he only held the mirror to base, profligate, and flagitious characters, who might see their own images and reform. His Cadwallader is the absurd outline of Mr. Apriest and his lady, a man of ingenuity, but with peculiar gesticulations; in this family he was very intimate, and therefore the handing them on the stage was not deemed generous, though Mr. Apriest was so pleased with the character, that he and his lady went every night of its performance, and entered into controversies about the particular parts that suited each other. Mr. Taylor, Langford the auctioneer, Whitfield, the D---s of K---,

Dr.

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Dr. Dodd, as Simony, and Faulkener the printer, as Peter Paragraph, was so incensed, that in Dublin he hired people to drive him off the stage; and those who went with every resentment, returned, and assured him, they took it for himself, and therefore desisted from giving him any molestation. He never drew a strong character, but some person sat for the picture; nor did he spare the court, the city or the stage, for each at times were the subject of his resentments and satire, and whoever finds the cap to fit must wear it—*qui capit, ille facit*. For my own part, I confess, that an author of this sort is of infinite use to the age he lives in, for he equally keeps in order the little great, and the wicked of all degrees, nor do I believe any satirist ever cleansed the Augean stable with so much success as himself.

To enter into a minute criticism of his works will not answer either my purpose or the reader's, especially as they have

Dr.

have been so universally given and exhibited, and those who have seen him perform them can judge the best of their different merits: I confess, the *Devil upon two Sticks* is my favourite composition, and even that play must not be judged by the rigid laws of the drama; but when we allow him the merit of writing and acting, perhaps no author in this or any other country excelled him. The *Capuchin* was the last effort of his muse, and the weakest, but that arose from the mutilated state in which it was performed, being originally written under the title of a *Trip to Calais*; in which he had most severely satirized a certain Duchess, under the name of Lady Betty Bigamy: but reading the work, scene by scene, to his friends, as he composed them, (which was his custom) the purport got wind, and the play was suppressed by the Lord Chamberlain. In one scene, he had drawn the character of Lady Betty Bigamy, (which he changed

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ed to Lady Kitty Crocadile) after the manner of Calista, the fair penitent; discovering her to the audience in a room hung with black, with one faint taper, and a table covered with men's bones and skulls; in this situation, her servants were to usher in all her tradesmen, who found her wailing and raving the loss of her dear departed lord, and all were taken away expressing the greatness of her heart, and the misery of her grief: but one fellow seeing deeper than the rest, discovers the cheat, and she rises, and beats him down stairs, with a thousand indelicate execrations. This was the particular purport of the Trip to Calais, which never came before the curtain. The disagreeable contest in which her Grace was engaged, on account of the will of her late Duke, and her unfortunate prior marriage, and the earnest yearnings of one of the M---s family, to whom Foote was attached, produced the idea of the comedy, and the
Duchess's

Duchess's proper resentments procured its suppression, and the following singular and extraordinary correspondence.

Mr. Foote to the printers of the newspapers.

"The prophetic effusions of the collectors or makers of paragraphs have for once proved true: the *Trip to Calais* has been rejected by the Lord Chamberlain. To guess from whence these gentlemen gained their intelligence (as their advices preceded by many days the delivery of the piece to the Chamberlain) would be a very difficult task; however, you find what was only prophecy is *now* become history. 'Till I have an opportunity of laying before the public those scenes which produced his Lordship's interdiction, you will print the following letter, sent to Lord Hertford, in the hopes of softening his censure.

S. F.

"My

“ My Lord,

“ I did intend troubling your Lordship with an earlier address, but the day after I received your prohibitory mandate, I had the honour of a visit from Lord Mountstuart, to whose interposition I find I am indebted for your first commands, relative to the *Trip to Calais*, by Mr. Chetwynd, and your final rejection of it by Col. Keen.

“ Lord Mountstuart has, I presume, told your Lordship, that he read with me those scenes to which your Lordship objected, that he found them collected from general nature, and applicable to none but those who through consciousness were compelled to a self-application: to such minds, my Lord, the Whole Duty of Man, next to the sacred writings, is the severest satire that ever was wrote; and to the same mark if Comedy directs not her aim, her arrows are shot in the air; for by what touches no man, no man will be mended. Lord Mountstuart desired

that I would suffer him to take the play with him, and let him leave it with the Duchess of Kingston ; he had my consent, my Lord, and at the same time an assurance, that I was willing to make any alteration that her Grace would suggest. Her Grace saw the play, and, in consequence, I saw her Grace ; with the result of that interview, I shall not at this time trouble your Lordship. It may, perhaps, be necessary to observe, that her Grace could not discern, which your Lordship, I dare say, will readily believe, a single trait in the character of Lady Kitty Crocodile, that resembled herself.

“ After this representation, your Lordship will, I doubt not, permit me to enjoy the fruits of my labour ; nor will you think it reasonable, because a capricious individual has taken it into her head, that I have pinned her ruffles awry ; that I should be punished by a poniard stuck deep in my heart : your Lordship has too much candour and justice to be

the

the instrument of so violent and ill-directed a blow.

“ Your Lordship’s determination is not only of the greatest importance to me now, but must inevitably decide my fate for the future, as, after this defeat, it will be impossible for me to muster up courage enough to face folly again: between the muse and the magistrate, there is a natural confederacy, what the last cannot punish, the first often corrects: but when she finds herself not only deserted by her antient ally, but sees him armed in the defence of her foe, she has nothing left but a speedy retreat: adieu then, my Lord, to the stage. *Valeat res ludicra*, to which, I hope, I may with justice add *Plaudite*, as, during my continuance in the service of the public, I never profited by flattering their passions, or falling in with their humours, as, upon all occasions, I have exerted my little powers (as, indeed, I thought it my duty) in exposing follies, how much soever the favou-

rites of the day; and pernicious prejudices, however protected and popular. This, my Lord, has been done, if those may be believed who have the best right to know, sometimes with success; let me add too, that in doing this, I never lost my credit with the public, because they knew that I proceeded upon principle, that I disdained being either the echo or the instrument of any man, however exalted his station, and that I never received reward or protection from any other hands than their own.

I have the honour to be, &c.

SAMUEL FOOTE."

The intimation couched in the postscript of the above letter, on the 15th of August, 1775, produced the publication of the following letters, which were introduced on the part of her Grace with the following preface.

"Mr.

“Mr. Foote, interdicted by the Chamberlain from representing the libellous piece, called the Trip to Calais, threatened to publish the scenes, and dedicate them to her Grace of Kingston. It was in vain that the malignity, as well as injustice of such a procedure, were represented to Mr. Foote in the strongest colours. The mimic would not yield one tittle to the remonstrance of humanity, though he appeared attentive to the call of interest; in obedience to which call, he acquainted a friend of the Duchess, that he would consent to suppress the publication of the scenes, if her Grace would give him *two thousand pounds for the copy*. It may be easily supposed, that so impudent a demand shared the fate of refusal. Baffled thus in his hopes, Mr. Foote had recourse to his levee of scribblers, for the purpose of furnishing the prints with defamations. The following letter was received on Sunday evening.

" To her Grace the Duchess of Kingston.

" Madam,

" A member of the privy-council, and a friend of your Grace, (he has begged me not to mention his name, but I suppose your Grace will easily guess who) has just left me; he has explained to me, what I did not conceive, that the publication of the scenes in the *Trip to Calais*, at this juncture, with the dedication and preface, might be of infinite ill consequence to your affairs.

" I really, Madam, wish you no ill, and should be sorry to do you an injury :

" I therefore give up to that consideration, what neither your Grace's offers, nor the threats of your agents could obtain; the scenes shall not be published, nor shall any thing appear at my theatre, or from me, that can hurt you ;

Provided the attacks made on me in the news-papers do not make it necessary for me to act in defence of myself.

Your

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"Your Grace will therefore see the necessity of giving proper directions.

"I have the honour to be, your Grace's most devoted servant,

SAMUEL FOOTE.

North-End, Sunday, Aug. 13, 1775."

A servant was directed to return the following answer.

"To Mr. Foote.

"Sir,

"I was at dinner when I received your ill-judged letter. As there is little consideration required, I shall sacrifice a moment to answer it.

"A member of your privy council can never hope to be of a lady's cabinet.

"I know too well what is due to my own dignity, to enter into a compromise with an *extortionable* assassin of private reputation. If I before abhorred you for your slander, I now despise you for your

concessions ; it is a proof of the illiberality of your satire, when you can publish or suppress it, as best suits the needy convenience of your purse. You first had the cowardly baseness to draw the sword, and if I sheath it until I make you crouch like the subservient vassal as you are, then is there not spirit in an injured woman, nor meaning in a slanderous buffoon.

To a man my sex alone would have screened me from attack—but I am writing to a descendant of a Merry Andrew,* and prostituting the term of manhood, by applying it to Mr. Foote.

“ Cloathed in my innocence as in a coat of mail, I am proof against an host of foes, and, conscious of never having intentionally offended a single individual, I doubt not but a brave and generous

* Mr. Foote is descended in the female line from one Harnass, a Merry Andrew, who exhibited at Totness in Devonshire, and afterwards figured in the character of a mountebank at Plymouth. This same Merry Andrew's daughter married a Justice Foote of Truro.

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq. xxiii:

public will protect me from the malevolence of a theatrical assassin. You shall have cause to remember, that though I would have given liberally for the relief of your necessities, I scorn to be bullied into a purchase of your silence.

“ There is something, however, in your pity, at which my nature revolts. To make an offer of pity, at once betrays your insolence and your vanity. I will keep the pity you send until the morning before you are turned off, when I will return it by a Cupid with a box of lip-salve, and a choir of choristers shall chaunt a stave to your *requiem*.

E. KINGSTON.

Kingston-House, Sunday, 13th Aug.

“ P. S. You would have received this sooner, but the servant has been a long time writing it.”

“ *To the Duchess of Kingston.*

“ Madam,

“ Though I have neither time nor inclination to answer the illiberal attacks of
C 4 your

your agents, yet a public correspondence with your Grace is too great an honour for me to decline. I can't help thinking but it would have been prudent in your Grace to have answered my letter before dinner, or at least postponed it to the cool hour of the morning; you would then have found that I had voluntarily granted that request which you had endeavoured, by so many different ways, to obtain.

“ Lord Mountstuart, for whose amiable qualities I have the highest respect, and whose name your agents first very unnecessarily produced to the public, must recollect, when I had the honour to meet him at Kingston-house, by your Grace's appointment, that instead of begging relief from your charity, I rejected your splendid offers to suppress the *Trip to Calais* with the contempt they deserved. Indeed, Madam, the humanity of my royal and benevolent master, and the public protection, have placed me much above the reach of your bounty.

But

“ By why, Madam, put on your coat of mail against me? I have no hostile intentions. Folly, not vice, is the game I pursue. In those scenes which you so unaccountably apply to yourself, you must observe, that there is not the slightest hint at the little incidents of your life, which have excited the curiosity of the grand inquest for the county of Middlesex. I am happy, Madam, however, to hear that your robe of innocence is in such perfect repair; I was afraid it might have been a little the worse for the wearing; may it hold out to keep you warm the next winter.

“ The progenitors your Grace has done me the honour to give me, are, I presume, merely metaphorical persons, and to be considered as the authors of my misfortune, and not of my manhood: a Merry Andrew and a prostitute are no bad poetical parents, especially for a writer of plays; the first to give the humour and birth, the last to furnish the graces and powers

powers of attraction. Prostitutes and players too must live by pleasing the public ; not but your Grace may have heard of ladies, who, by private practice, have accumulated amazing great fortunes. If you mean that I really owe my birth to that pleasant connection, your Grace is grossly deceived. My father was, in truth, a very useful magistrate and respectable country gentleman, as the whole county of Cornwall will tell you. My mother, the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, bart. who represented the county of Hereford ; her fortune was large and her morals irreproachable, till your Grace condescended to stain them ; she was upwards of fourscore years old when she died, and, what will surprize your Grace, was never married but once in her life. I am obliged to your Grace for your intended present on the day, as you politely express it, when I am to be turned off.—But where will your Grace get the Cupid to bring me the lip-salve.

Tha po

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq. xxvi

That family, I am afraid, has long
quitted your service.

“ Pray, Madam, is not J—n the name
of your female confidential secretary?
And is not she generally cloathed in black
petticoats made out of your weeds? ”

So mourn’d the dame of Ephesus her
love.”

fancy your Grace took the hint when
you last resided at Rome; you heard
My here, I suppose, of a certain Joan, who
Edward was once elected a pope, and, in humble
imitation, have converted a pious parson
into a chambermaid. The scheme is new
in this country, and has doubtless its par-
ticular pleasures. That you may never
want the *benefit of the clergy*, in every
emergence, is the sincere wish of

your Grace’s

most devoted and

obliged humble servant,

SAMUEL FOOTE.”

Here ended this extraordinary corre-
pondence, and the literary victory greatly
in

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in favour of Foote, who for the style, manner, and elegant satire of his second letter, received the compliments of his friends in crouds, who even went so far as to say, "We know who is Junius now." The news-papers teemed with scurrility on this occasion, and every libellous scribbler was employed to traduce his character: but the following affidavit of the Rev. Mr. John Forster put an end to the warfare.

AFFIDAVIT.

Middlesex	}	to wit.
and		
Westminster		

The Rev. Mr. John Forster, A. M. chaplain to her Grace the Duchess of Kingston, maketh oath, that in the month of July last, he waited on Mr. Samuel Foote, at his house at North-End, by the direction of her Grace the Duchess of Kingston, to return to the said Mr.

style, second of his so far unius with ry li tra ng af- r put

Mr. Foote a manuscript comedy, entitled "A Trip to Calais," which he, the said Mr. Foote, had left with her Grace for her perusal, which he did accordingly deliver to him; that at this time he took an opportunity to dissuade Mr. Foote from publishing the said comedy, which he was informed was his intention to do, as it might very much disoblige the Duchess of Kingston, and make her a very powerful enemy, who was capable of being a very valuable friend; that on these considerations he advised Mr. Foote to make a compliment of the copy of the piece to her Grace, especially as the public performance of it had been prohibited by the Lord-Chamberlain; that the said Mr. Samuel Foote replied, that unless the Duchess of Kingston would give him "*two thousand pounds,*" he would publish the "*Trip to Calais,*" with a preface and dedication to her Grace, and that he, the said Mr. Foote, commissioned him to communicate these his intentions

Mr. M. of the Sa- End, Du- said Mr.

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tions to her Grace the Duchess of Kingston.
JOHN FORSTER.

Sworn before me this 18th day of August, 1775. JOHN FIELDING.

The prevention of this dramatic satire appearing, gave a flatness to the piece under the title of the *Capuchin*, which was the skim-milk of the Trip to Calais, for the cream was taken off by the Lord Chamberlain, and the performance rather met with disapprobation than applause. As one disagreeable event seldom comes alone, the conjurors of defamation against our poet had recourse to the wickedest malevolence, and a coachman was produced to bring an action against Mr Foote of a shameful nature; this shook his mind, and greatly impaired his body. The trial was brought on before Lord Mansfield, and proving an *alibi* against the man, he was honourably acquitted. At this season of storm and distress, he lost not his pleasantry, but often said

King since this new accusation, "My friends
 TER. all come in pairs." He appeared again
 of Au on the stage, and shewed great marks of
 distress when he came before the au-
 c satir audience, who repaid his tears of gratitude
 e piece with loud and amazing plaudits. Soon
 ch was after this circumstance, he received a
 ais, for stroke of the palsy, and was very ill,
 Lord which was followed by two more. Whe-
 e rather an idea of his ill state of health, and
 plaused his approaching dissolution, touched his
 come mind, I cannot tell; but he sold his pa-
 against tent to Mr. Colman for 1600*l.* a year, and
 keded 500*l.* for his dramatic pieces unpublish-
 as pro ed: but he played but thrice, and the
 t Mr last time he was taken ill on the stage.
 shook He now retired to Bath, and was at times
 body very jocund. Going into the rooms he
 e Lord met with an old acquaintance, to whom
 against he was relating his sale of the theatre, and,
 uitted says he, "Colman has given me 500*l.*
 ess, he for my pieces." "What," says the other,
 n said "and the coachman into the bargain?"
 since This did not please him, as it found its
 way

way into the public prints; and as it came from one he respected, he felt the force of the sarcasm more severely. From Bath he retired to Brighthelmstone, by the advice of his physicians, where he made a complete triumvirate, joining Mr. Wilkes and Lord Lyttelton,* who devoted their festive hours to each other's company. Being something better, he came to town, resolved to visit France. He parted with his house and villa at North-End, and reviewing its contents before he departed, he walked into every room in his house, examined with an accuracy, not usual to him, every article of furniture he had, but more particularly his pictures,* of which he had a large and elegant assortment. When he came to the portrait of Weston, he made a full stop, as if by some secret impulse,

* He had two excellent pieces, by Zoffani, of Weston in Dr. Last, and himself in the President of the Physicians, and in Major Surgeon. The rest of his pictures were mostly of his own family, old, and not well painted.

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and rivetted his eyes upon the countenance of his old acquaintance for above ten minutes, without uttering a syllable. Then turning off, with a tear in his eye, he exclaimed, "Poor Weston!" but the words had scarce dropped from his lips, when with a tone, as it were of reproach for his seeming security, he repeated again, "Poor Weston! It will be very shortly poor Foote, or the intelligence of my spirits deceives me." He then took his farewell dinner with some friends, and was remarkable chearful, more so than he had been since his first illness in last April, and set off with a servant in a post-chaise for Dover, where he died on the 21st of October, 1777, aged 56. He was taken ill soon after his arrival, and seized with an apoplectic fit, and never recovered. His body was afterwards brought to London for interment, and deposited in Westminster-abbey on the 10th of November. He left the bulk of his fortune to his natural son, master George

and d

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George Foote. His will was made many years since, and his son is constituted residuary legatee, and the late Mr. Fitzherbert,* Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Jewel are nominated his executors: but in case his son should die before he arrives at the age of twenty-one, then his property goes to Mr. Jewel. Though his affairs were not so opulent as promise a completion of these wishes, and as it is imagined there is little more than what the creditors are entitled to, it is hoped, in consideration of his memory, that Mr. Colman will provide for his son: nor is it to be doubted, when the philanthropy of that gentleman is considered; for few men feel with Terence more sensibly than Mr. Colman,

Homo sum: humani nihil à me alienum puto. Ter.

* He was a man of general esteem, and much beloved, yet he put a rash period to his life.

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq. xxxv

As a private man he was humane, generous, and friendly; softened by the tale of distress, liberal in the relief of indigence, or the reward of merit, and ready on all occasions to assist either with his pen, his purse, or his personal interest, all who had the smallest claim to his friendship. In the company of men of high rank, and superior fortune (who eagerly sought his acquaintance) he preserved an easy and noble independency; as a man of wit and conviviality there lives not his equal. Nor was he less hospitable than social; his many, many friends who now live sincerely to lament his loss, can attest this assertion. Since no man therefore has more essentially contributed to the entertainment of the public, nor more repeatedly made the minds of his acquaintance expand with mirth and good humour, let us in gratitude pass over his few foibles, and reflect on his many virtues, with that mixture of joy and sorrow felt by every individual, who in the moment

he regrets the loss of a dear friend, rejoices that among the actions of his life many deserve the highest praise, and that the effusions of his genius have established him a degree of fame superior to the blasts of envy, the efforts of malice, or the corroding tooth of time itself. For his convivial wit, few men were ever so pleasant, nor none so courted by the first men of the age. He loved the luxuries of life, and valued himself highly on the goodness of his cellar and his cook; no man gave such meat and drink: and so much was his cellar in repute, that whenever he dined out, even at the tables of nobles, he was requested to put a couple of bottles of his own *Burgundy* in his chariot. He had always the first crop of the first vintage; and when he was asked how he came to obtain it? he replied, "Because I give the best price." He always treated his guests on plate, and with the best dishes the season afforded. If he was not so classical as *Horace*, his *Champagne* beat
the

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq. xxxvii

the *Falernian*; nor did the wit of *Tivoly* ever say half the good things at a meal, though *Augustus* and *Mæcenæ* were his guests; for he treated with the best wines and the best viands, and gave more wit at a repast, than ever Mercury or Momus furnished the gods with. Such allurements the first company of our country could not resist, for by chance the stranger might drop in, and mingle with the prince and the peer. The Dukes of York and Cumberland gave him distinguished marks of their respect, nor were the rest of the nobility tardy in confessing their esteem to him. The Duke of Cumberland acknowledged his admiration of his wit, by frequently seeing him, and by uncommon applauses to his extempore pleasantries. Being one day at dinner at North-End, his Highness was very inquisitive to enquire after Mr. Wilkes, through Mr. Reynolds; and after asking a thousand questions relative to that illustrious commoner, about his going to bed and

getting up, Foote says, "Your Royal Highness mistakes the matter, *Mr. Reynolds is his attorney, and not his chamberlain.*" This agitated the Duke with violent laughter, and he hastily said, "I swallow every thing you say, Foote." "I believe your Highness does," says he, *and you have an excellent digestion, for there is nothing comes up again.*" The Duke recovering himself, continued to address himself to the same gentleman, and asked him, "What the devil would Sawbridge and Townshend be at? What would they have my brother do?" "I'll tell you," says Foote, *"they want to put your brother into the Dover coach, and your mother into the basket, and send them both to France."*

Such a culinary Phaeton must at times overset his coach and his dripping-pan, for the rapidity of his conduct through the glitter of the gay world has often brought him to those inconveniences which men of genius and expeience are ever subject to; his shoulder hath alternately
felt

felt the hand of the peer and the catch-pole. When he was arrested, which was frequent, he would say, "At whose suit?" "At William Jones's." "Very well; go to the Cardigan." Very few things dejected his spirits; they were equal over his coffee, or his wine. His mother had as many levities and whims about her as himself, and had at times experienced the caprice of fortune as much as her son. The day she was sent a prisoner to the King's-bench, Foote was confined in a spunging-house, when the following concise correspondence passed between them:

"Dear Sam,
I am in prison."

"Dear Mother,
So am I."

But his misfortunes were ever in his own power to redress, for a *coup de plume* would raise him from indigence to affluence, and from obscurity to brilliancy, for he was without doubt the dramatic

comet of his time. His abilities were superior to any of his cotemporaries; he ever gives us a true and faithful picture of human nature, which will stand the test of censure, as the true characters of the times. His wit * was peculiar to himself, and such as few men ever reached to; and for that broad humour which was so peculiarly his, the world ran after him, though he was more entertaining in his sober moments; and his profound knowledge of men and books had so ripened and improved his judgment, that very few were so capable of discussing the most abstruse and knotty points. He was eloquent with precision, and clear with candour: but wit and humour were

* There was ever between him and Mr. Garrick a great friendship, and yet they contrived to be at times at variance, for notwithstanding Mr. Garrick did him very singular acts of kindness, yet he would sport his jests, and unprovoked give him some offence; and as few men's feelings are so keen and sensible, the wit would often say, "My friend David is like a man without a skin, the least touch in the world makes him wince."

so natural to him, that they broke in on his
 soberest and gravest moments. It was an
 heaven-inspired flame, like the *aurora bore-*
alis. One would swear, that sense and fan-
 cy were for ever at work upon him, like an
 electrical machine, to produce by friction
 everlasting flashes of wit * and merriment.
 In short, he was as superior to all the tiny
 wits of the period he lived in, as the Co-
 lossus of Rhodes' harbour to the cock-
 boats he strode over. I have seen him of-
 ten in company with those the most cele-
 brated, but like a rapid spring-tide, he
 bore all the Helicon down the stream be-
 fore him. Wherever he was, the muses
 and bacchants were there, for he proved
 to a plain demonstration, that *sine cibo &*
vino friget Venus.

There cannot be a greater testimony of
 his merits, and the esteem in which socie-
 ty held him, as the request of his many
 friends to attend his funeral, who on the

* Mr. Colman used to say, that his jests were
 like fuller's-earth when dry ; that they rubbed off.

melan-

melancholy close of his life gave the subsequent proofs of their sorrow ; and if they do not bear the marks of true and genuine poesy, they confirm for ever, how well he was beloved, and how much he was lamented.

TO THE MEMORY OF

SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

FAREWEL, dear friend ; alas ! too lately known,
 For *Sense* and *Fancy* claim'd thee for their own ;
Wit was as natural to thee as mirth,
Genius and *Judgment* gave the *meteor* birth ;
 Which flash'd on the horizon of good sense,
 Like to the northern-lights, * nor knew we whence
 The bright, effulgent, radiant lustre came ;
 But while we wonder'd, prais'd the *Attic* flame.

* *Aurora borealis.*

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E X T E M P O R E

ON THE DEATH OF

Mr. F O O T E.

WHEN Foote expir'd, afflicted *Satire* cried,
wreath for ever, thou my quondam pride ;
my fav'rite archer, who expertly knew
to time my arrows, and direct 'em too ;
for Vice and Folly were his proper game,
they felt conviction when he took his aim.
Who now like him my pointed shafts shall throw
at vicious objects, whether high or low ;
each, or all of Folly's num'rous train,
since Death my fav'rite archer now has slain ?
O Wit and Humour, go and sadly mourn,
while Science fair shall deep inscribe his urn.

T. S.

EPITAPH ON THE LATE

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

children laugh, or cry themselves to sleep,
play'd his life away—left us to weep.

T O B Y.

EPI-

EPITAPH ON

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

[FROM SHAKESPEARE.]

Here lies the Body of
The ENGLISH ARISTOPHANES!*

A FELLOW

Of INFINITE JEST,

Of

Most EXCELLENT FANCY.

Alas!

Where are his GIBES now?

His GAMBOLS, his SONGS,

His

FLASHES OF MERIMENT,

* The author of this lapidary inscription means a compliment to his departed friend, in the name of Aristophanes, who, while alive was very agreeable to our author; so much so, that he even was jocular with the name himself. Fielding speaking of the public amusements, distinguished his theatre as the house of the facetious *Aristophanes*. Sir J. St. Aubin was with him, and asked Foote, whose house he spoke of, "Harry Stephens," says the wag. "Oh," says the Baron, "the man that reads lectures on heads." "The same," says Foote; "a fine old Grecian."

"In some respects, the character of the Greek and the Englishman were alike, for Aristophanes; while he diver-

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq. xlv

Which

Were wont to set the TABLE in a ROAR?

Not ONE, now,

TO MOCK his OWN GRINNING!

OH !---OMNIPOTENT DEATH!

We could have *better spared* a better MAN.

He was

One of the *best Actors* in the *World*,

Either for

TRAGEDY, COMEDY, HISTORY, PASTORAL, OR

FARCE,

He held

The MIRROR *up*,

And

Shew'd SCORN her OWN IMAGE.

Which the Athenians with his pleasantry, awed them with his satire, and attacked them in their tenderest part, their superstition; and often mocked too grossly, and represented things on the stage without any disguise of persons or names."

Fanaticism and superstition were more scourged and discountenanced in the followers of Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon by Foote, than by all the interposition of the legislative power. But his Dr. Simony, Cadwallader, Peter Paragrah, Major Sturgeon, and the Maid of Bath, were palpably as personal as ever the Athenian wrote; but for the latter, he received a poetic severe retort from the pen of a great dramatic wit, which, to the chagrin of Foote, was handed all over the city of Bath.

He

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He was the *Abstract*---and brief *Chroni-*
cle of the Times---

In short,

For the Law of WIT---and the LIBERTY,

He was

The ONLY MAN!

Oct. 24, 1777.

W. F. G.

V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

OF late, how dreadful on our modern stage
Has tyrant Death employed his ruthless rage!
Year after year exerted cruel sway,
And swept the fav'rite of *each* muse away;
MOSSOP and BARRY—WOODWARD—each a name
Consign'd by millions to theatric fame,
Successive fell!—at length he aims his stroke
At FOOTE, “the soul of whim,” the life of joke;
Nor could that wit, admir'd by all below,
Delay the triumph, or avoid the blow.

How oft in life the comic muse has found
Her darling with immortal plaudits crown'd!

Poe

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq. xlvii

Poet and player, while he wore the bays,
And claim'd as due the tributary praise.
His satire keen, in lasting traits display'd,
What rank, what force of wealth could e'er evade ?
A copious field, the vices of mankind,
And follies, for the satirist refin'd,
Whose pencil, strong and accurate, can trace
Th' unnumber'd foibles of the human race !

This task was HIS ; endued with matchless art
To trace the passions rising from the heart,
Whose secret avenues to him were known,
That made the "living manners" all his own.

GREECE boasted ARISTOPHANES of old,
For wit renown'd, in pointed satire bold ;
If qualities like these can merit praise,
The Aristophanes of these our days
Unrival'd stood ; and if his various plan,
That mark'd the follies, singled out the man,
Such was th' original from whence he drew,
And, Britons, Grecian modes transfus'd to you.
Often severe, yet sure to meet applause,
While satire kept within dramatic laws ;
And while he held the high-pois'd balance ev'n,
Tho' not unenvy'd, by the *wise* forgiv'n ;
Whose real worth defy'd destruction's pow'r,
Nor fear'd the laughter of the mirthful hour.

To

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To *these*, still welcome, FOOTE has found access,
Pleas'd with his humour and his free address.
They hail'd him still the boon companion's boast,
And all the actor in the man was lost ;
Nor did the princes of the land disdain
(Pleas'd with the sweetness of fair pleasure's reign)
To bid the comic muse's wonted friend
Their computations and their feasts attend ;
Where, full of mirth, he the rich banquet crown'd,
While the " wine sparkled, and the jest went
round."

Consign'd at last to Death's cold dreary sleep,
Tho' round his urn the widow'd muse shall weep.
No more his lays shall charm, his wit no more
Shall set the crowded audience in a roar ;
But while the soul thro' æther wings its way,
The fire that charm'd us lies extinct in clay.
Rest to his shade, in life's wide ocean tost,
If aught of wisdom or of fame be lost,
His *follies* in the grave forgotten lie,
His *fate* from human nature claims a sigh.
So sudden call'd, may all in time to come
Stand well prepar'd to meet their final doom.

W. W——.

SAMUEL

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq. xlix

SAMUEL FOOTESIUS

Ad Amicos ne suum è Vitâ excessum amplius lugeant.

*Virtus recludens immeritis mori
Cælum, negatâ tentat Iter Vidâ
Cætusque vulgares, et Udâ
Spernit Humum fugiente Pennâ.* Horace.

STYLO HORATIANO.

NE mihi, ne gemitu indigno turbate quietem ;
Tumulumque mœssis irrigare fletibus
Definite, O quæso. Nec enim si vestra Dolorëm
Cohibere Pietas renuit et constans amor,
Nostra etiam tristes patitur fortuna querelas,
Planctusque recipit obligatos funeri.
Vivimus : et spoliū de corpore mors habet uno ;
Quod amastis in me, quod fui Footesius
Non rapuit. Manet ingenium post fata superstes,
Animusque læti cupidus et risus tenax.
Quàm juvat immoto gaudentum insistere recto,
Nescire vestræ fortis ingratas vices ;

Et

1 THE LIFE OF

Et dubiam, celeremque humano pectore labi
 Non posse morum perdere innocentiam !
 Quàm dulce est finè nube ipsum deprendere verum,
 Mundique causas fonte mirari in suo ;
 Æternamque sitim æterno restringere potu
 Sese fruendum largientis numinis !
 Hic legere inque uno fas omnia discere verbo
 Et quod librorum tot mihi volumina,
 Tot fando nunquam potuere evolvere linguæ,
 Sine voce referat eloquens silentium.
 Discendi labor omnis abest : infusaque menti
 Oblivionem non timet scientia.
 Cumque olim innumeris confuderit ora loquelis
 Mortalium audax scandere in cælum furor,
 Sermo unus placuit superis, et fœdere pulchro
 Conjungit idem pectora et linguas amor.
 Sunt etiam nobis ut quondam, nunc quoque cordi.
 Versusque, tibiæque, et argutis fides
 In numerum pulsæ digitis : rapit entheus ardor
 Animos volentes : et diserix carmina
 Inspirante Deo, fundunt ex tempore linguæ ;
 ; Quis aula cœli plaudit, et superùm chòrus
 Mirando faver omnis. Et est audire voluptas,
 Non fabulosi vana Pindi somnia,
 Graiorumque efficta, modis mendaci a miris ;
 Non additum aris atque adoratum nefas

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq. li

Sed cantus sacros quibus est Deus argumentum
Ingens, perenne, nescium fastidii,
Quod non ulla valet cantu exhaustire facultas,
Cultu nec ullo majus efficere ingeni.
O utinam spreto famæ popularis amore,
Aulæque nimiùm lubricis favoribus,
Materies vestri post hac sit carminis unus
Dignum labori redditurus præmium
Terrarum cælique pater cui dextra creatrix
Cum promat ultro quasdet immensas opes,
Ipse suis gestit sese super addere donis.
Hac forte lætus, his bonis circumfluens
Non merui injusto causam tribuisse dolori.
Amici amico ficcine beato invident ?
Gratari potius, decorique applaudere nostro
Fides monebat. Cur inanes lacrymas
Perditis ? Ah ! ne flete paterna in regna receptum,
Sed flete vestrum tamdiu exilium trahi.

WILLIELMUS ROYOU.

Hitchin, Nov. 28, 1778.

THE LIFE OF

EX TEMPORE

ON

FOOTE'S DEATH.

YE sons of Frolic, Mirth and Fun,
 Ye jokers, hang the head;
 Your patron's earthly race is run,
 And Wit itself is dead.

"That cannot be," a bard replies,
 "'Tis true that Foote may die,
 "But Wit, immortal, still must rise,
 "And seek her native sky."

A FOOTISM.

HOW quick poor Foote has from the stage been
 hurl'd!
 Death took him off, who took off all the world.

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq. 111

EPITAPH ON

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

ALAS ! POOR YORICK !

NOT all thy squibs, thy quiddities, and joke,
Not all thy cunning—could evade the stroke;
Thy jests, that set the table in a roar,
Thy wit and humour shall be heard no more;
Thy puns, thy satire, and thy mimic rage,
No more shall grace the table, nor the stage,

Now Vanity may rear her pompous crest,
And Vice in Virtue's trappings may be drest;
Let low great men indulge themselves in riot,
And —'s Duchesses drink and live in quiet.

For lo ! beneath this closing marble lies
The scourge of Vanity, and rod of Vice !
Now they may revel, nor exposure dread,
The wit, the mimic, satirist—is dead.

E P I.

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THE LIFE OF

EPIGRAM

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF

MR. FOOTE, COMEDIAN.

SATIRE and Irony no more
Shall forth their arrows shoot ;—
Ev'n Wit must fall—the reason's plain,
For she hath ne'er a—Foote !

D. T.

Cockspur-Street, Oct. 25, 1777.

EXTEMPORE

ON THE NEWS OF

FOOTE'S DEATH.

ALL wit and humour now are over,
For Foote lies stiff and dead at Dover.

E. T.

EX.

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq. lv

E X T E M P O R E.

YE punsters, and jokers, and wittlings give o'er,
What farther of Foote would ye have?
Though the table he knew how to set in a roar,
Let the man rest at ease in his grave.

As you cannot affect him by all that you say,
Prepare, then, yourselves for the stroke;
Though "Life be a jest," as it passes away,
Believe me, that *Death is no joke*.

ON THE FACETIOUS

A R I S T O P H A N E S.

LOW lies the body of Sam Foote,
Who on the resurrection-day
Will here be found—he'd but one leg,
And therefore cannot run away.

E. T.

ARISTO.

SAMUEL FOOTES

EXTRACTS

...and willing to
...what father of yours would have
...though the table he knew how to set in a room
...For the man ran in his grave.

...you cannot expect him by all that you say
...the more, then, you know for the likes
...though "I shall be a fool," as it falls away
...Believe me, that I am no fool.

ON THE FABLET

ARISTOPHANES

LOW lies the body of Sam Footes,
Who on the reflection-day
Will here be found, but one leg
And rhetoric cannot run away.

ARISTO.

ARISTOPHANES.

WHEN Mr. Foote was last in Paris, Dr. Johnson was then making a tour with Mr. Thrale, and they all met to dine with Sir George Rodney; Major B--- coming after the rest of the company, Sir George called out, "Major, Washington is defeated!" He, turning round to Dr. Johnson, replied, "It is a *False Alarm*."* The conversation then turned upon the theatre, when Foote asked Johnson, what he thought of the French comedy? "Sir," replied the Cynick, "all players are alike to me; they are all buffoons on the boards." This threw the eyes of all the company upon Foote, who sat under some embarrassment for a while, and then said,

* A ministerial pamphlet of that title, written by the doctor.

"The Doctor should be put into a cage, and shewn at Versailles for a most extraordinary bear, that had written a most extraordinary Dictionary."

Lord M---g---, who, though a man of a ready and nimble wit, has two distinct voices, with a most dissonant laugh, which he very often throws out before he has told the point of his epigram, and therefore leaves the company in ignorance. Foote, speaking of this peculiarity in his Lordship, said, he put him in mind of a man with two voices who had fallen into a deep pit; a traveller passing by heard a shrill voice cry out, "Oh, save me, save me, for all my bones are broken!" ---To which succeeded, in a hollow tone, "Oh, help me out, or I shall be suffocated with mud."---"Oh," says the traveller, "if there are two of you, ye may help each other out, or stay there and be damned."

When a late actor was in the zenith of his dramatic fame, Foote, speaking of him, said, with a most placid face, that he never met with a man in his life, that had the milk of human kindness about him so much. Says he "He has just set up his coach, and, to the
after

astonishment of all the world, he has made his father his coachman, and taken him without a character."

Mrs. G----r, one of the comedians of Foote's company, and a woman of some dramatic ability, came to consult him one morning, on an offer of engagement that she had received from the manager of the Dublin theatre. "Well," says he, "and what then?" ---"Why, Sir, I should like, with your leave, to engage there; but I am terrified to death at the thoughts of going to sea, for I never crossed salt-water in my life." "No, Madam!" says Foote, "did you never p---standing?"

Mrs. Green, a most excellent comedian, and a woman of sheer wit and pleasantry, had lodgings one summer in Chatham, wherein she suspected, even to a degree of detection, that the landlady stole her coals. She was at a loss how to reprove her, and to make excuse to quit her house; however, she sent for her up, and began to preface the business thus: "Alas, dear Madam, do you know that I am the most timid creature existing, and with the worst and weakest nerves in the world, and that no-

thing terrifies me so much as a ghost, and therefore I must leave your apartments, for I am certain they are haunted." "Heavens!" exclaimed the woman, "Madam, what do you mean?" "Why, I'll tell you, Madam, last night, between light and dark, I saw your ghost come out of my cellar with an apron full of my fine round coals."

The same lady was one day walking round the dock-yard, and the foreman attended her, to shew her the ships, and to explain to her the various uses of the cordage and timbers. "Madam," says he, "these are masts, jib-booms, yards, scantlings, hawse-pieces, ribs, stern-posts, cables, hawsers, messengers, throwds, brickings, &c." "Stop, good Sir," says she, "you are far deeper read than I am; I do not remember to have met with one of these names in Aristotle, Sophocles, Terence, Demosthenes, Quintilian, Polybius, Cicero, Menander, or Aristophanes."

When Dr. Whitefield went last to America, they were overtaken by a prodigious storm; the captain, in reducing the sails, and bringing the ship to a proper situation, was under the necessity of swearing prodigiously at the sailors.

sailors; these oaths greatly alarmed the pious passengers, who were all at prayers; they, therefore, petitioned the Doctor to go and intreat the Captain to consider his soul, and to cease swearing. The Doctor obeyed their request, and the Captain complied. Whitefield then sat still for some time, but not hearing the work go on so briskly as he expected, he went privately upon the deck, and whispered the Captain to *swear again*.

When the Doctor was preaching, in Tottenham-court-road, an enthusiastic, descriptive sermon, comparing the state of man to a ship at sea, a press-gang came into the chapel, and attended to the discourse with much gravity. "Now," says Whitefield, "after your calm and fine weather is over, comes a sudden storm, you are driven on a lee-shore, the billows dash against the rocks, and all is horror and death around; your sails are blown from your yards, your masts go by the board, you let go your anchors, your very anchor of hope, your cables part; alas! alas! what will ye do?" "Do!" says one of the tars, "d--n my eyes, take to the long-boat."

6 ARISTOPHANES.

Davies, one of Foote's familiars, was one day admiring his master's performance on the stage, and exclaiming in the highest terms of his abilities : a plain, sober man hearing his extravagant praises without emotion, turned to the person next to him, and asked him, what he thought of his acting, "for," says he, "I don't mind Davies, for Foote and he play into another's hands."

Churchill and Wilkes one day paid a visit to Lord Le Despenser, at West-Wickham, and his Lordship shewed them all his curiosities and improvements, from the four different fronts of his house, to his bawdy temple of Venus. After which he carried them to the top of his church, whereon was a large golden ball, that contained four people. When seated, he ordered up some punch, according to the system of religion, as formerly held at Medenham by the holy monks of St. Francis. "Well," says my Lord, "what think ye of it, Wilkes?" "My Lord," replied St. John of Aylesbury, "I am wondering at your Lordship's genius and invention, for this is the only church that ever I remember, that at once contained and supported the *globe-tavern*."

The

The Earl of Chesterfield was one day invited to dine with the Spanish ambassador, where he met with the minister of France, and the plenipotentiaries of other states. The dinner was sumptuous and formal. After the meal was over, the Spaniard proposed a toast, and begged to give his king under the title of the Sun; the French ambassador then gave his, under the description of the Moon. Lord Chesterfield being asked for his, replied, "Your excellencies have taken from me all the greatest luminaries of heaven, and the stars are two small for me to make comparison of my royal master; I therefore beg leave to give your excellencies, Joshua."*

His late Majesty, George the Second (of worthy and great memory) was very fond of Kensington; where he was walking one evening with a pliant, supercilious lord of the court, and the flies were very troublesome to him. "My Lord," says the King, "these flies do plague me and my mouth very much." Says the courtier, "If your Majesty will be most graciously pleased to shut your royal mouth, they will not fly therein."

* And the Sun stood still for Joshua in Gideon.

His Majesty, in his passage to Holland, was met with a strong contrary wind, within a few leagues of the coast, which greatly vexed him; upon that he sent for Captain Campbell---“When shall I get in, Captain?” “Upon my word,” replied the officer, “it is not to be determined, as the wind is foul.” “Well then, send me Lord Anson---When shall I get into port, my Lord?” “Not to day, I fear.” “Begar, dese captains do know nothing; send me de colonel of de guard here. ---Colonel, when do I get in?” “Oh, in less than half an hour, an’ please your Majesty.” “Dere,” said the King, “I said my colonels do know more dan all the sailors.”

A gentleman calling on Foote, at North-End, found him drinking coffee by the side of a piece of water in his ground; as he approached, he observed a smart, dapper man walking hastily away. Says Foote, “I have been at cards, and lost some cash with that youth; however, it is well for him, for he was in want of two things which I have supplied him with.” “What are they?” says the gentleman. “*Money and wit.*”

The late Mr. Charles Yorke being returned a member for the university of Cambridge, as he

he was was going round the senate, to thank those who had voted for him, said to one Mr. P---, who is noted, (even to a proverb) for having the largest and most hideous ugly face that ever was seen, "Sir, I have great reason to be thankful to my friends in general; but I confess myself under a particular obligation to you, for the very remarkable countenance you have shewn me upon this occasion."

*Observations on the dispositions of the French,
Dutch and English.*

The *French* may be compared to the fuel of their own country, *faggots*, which kindle quick, blaze, and soon burn out.

The *Dutch* are slow in lighting, like their *torches*; but burn well to their very ashes, which hold a heat to the very last without blazing at all.

The *English* are like their own *sea-coal fires*, which catch quick, make a great smoke; but they are not continually rummaged, and stirred with the poker, they die away and soon go out.

When the cyder-bill was brought into the house of Commons, the debates were very high

high against it. One of the members for Herefordshire spoke violently against it ; and with much feeling said, Pomona was dissolved in tears. A member, not understanding him, rose up and said, " Who is in tears, Sir ? " " Pomona, Sir." Upon which the other fate down mumbling, that he knew no such person in the whole county.

Lady H---, Lady F---l---g, and Lady K---t--- were one evening enjoying themselves over a bottle of Madiera, in the absence of their husbands. " So," says Lady F--l--g, let us toast our dear good men by the initials of their professions : here's to mine with a G, because he's a justice." Says Lady K--t--, " Here's to mine with an N. because he is a knight." " Here's to mine," says Lady H---, with an F. because that he is a physician.

Foote travelling to the north once, put up at a bye inn on the road, where he was rather distressed for accommodations. " What," says he, " have you no cold meat in the house, landlord ? " " No, Sir," says the host, " we have not dressed any for some days, as my poor wife lays dead up stairs." " Zounds !" says Foote, " never complain again of your larder

larder, for there is no cold meat equal to a dead wife."

In the year 1756, when the kingdom was daily menaced with an invasion from France, every-body's conversation turned on the flat-bottom boats; upon which the King asked Lord Anson, "What be de flat-bottom boats; I do hear and read of noting else?" Lord Anson therefore brought his Majesty a model of one, which when he saw, he exultingly exclaimed, "By Gar, if dis be de ships of de King of France, my ships shall beat him to de devil." r

When Foote brought out his puppet-show at the Hay-market, it was reported, that he had procured in wood the likenesses of the principal performers at the theatres. A gentleman therefore took an opportunity of calling at his play-house, and seeing a figure hang up, he said with some emotion, "Bless me! that is very like Woodward." "Yes," says Foote, "so it is; and I expect Garrick's home from the turner's every minute." He afterwards compensated for this jest, in a conversation with Punch, by saying, "We have

have got Garriek's head in the house, but we want his brains."

Mr. Colman used always to say of Foote's jokes, they were fuller's-earth, and rubbed off when dry.

In the late war, a sailor and two of his ship-mates wanted to go from Portsmouth to Peterfield; when one staying behind, desired the other two to proceed on foot, while he went and hired a horse. When he came to the livery stables, the hostler brought him out a short back'd, light galloway, about fourteen hands high. "Zounds," says Jack, "this won't do for me! he is too short in the back." "Oh, Sir," replies the hostler, "he is the better for that." "Damn him, he won't do, I tell you; get me a horse with a longer back, for I have two more to take up at the turnpike."

Anecdote of Churchill.

Churchill was much afraid of death, and very superstitious. When he had promised Wilkes to meet him at Bologna, he took it into his head he should die, and therefore bade

a formal adieu to his mother and all his friends. Just before he got into his whisky, which was elegantly painted with the tree of liberty, and other patriotic devices, he took a friend by the arm, and walking with him on the common, before his house, at Acton, he suddenly struck his foot against a horse-shoe; he paused, sighed, and said, "This is a bad omen!" Going further, and before he had well recovered from the surprise, a raven gave a loud croak, and three times struck at his hat: in astonishment he said, "This would have turned a Roman army." Then mounting his chaise, he added, "I shall never see you again." He died at Bologne, and was afterwards buried at Dover.

A certain comedian, who was formerly a cook, fought a duel with a gentleman of the theatre. This being mentioned to Foote, he answered, "Yes, damn him for an ungrateful fellow, 'twas I took the spit from the fire, put it by his side, and made him a gentleman."

When the late John, Duke of Argyll, was detained at Inverary, in the highlands of Scotland, on his road to London, by most inclement weather, some crows were seated on a tree

tree before his house, to whom his Grace said, "In troth, you're a set of doyl'd bodies, for had I wings like ye, I'd fly to a better country."

Lady Harrington once shewing an elegant painting to Lord Chesterfield, of a naked Venus with Cupid in her arms, and his leg veiling the seat of love, asked his Lordship, what he thought of the picture? to which he replied, "There is certainly, my Lady, a most capital mistake in this work--Don't you think the boy's hand should be where his leg is?"

When Lord Downe embarked on board the Effex, with Lord Howe and the Duke of York, for an invasion of France, in the bay of St. Cas, he was much disturbed in his sleep by the steerage of the ship. The next morning he addressed himself to the first lieutenant thus: "I always took you sailors to be a set of jolly fellows, *bon vivant* bucks; but never imagined you to drink hard, more especially at sea, till last night, when one most thirsty, unsatisfied fellow was calling out for port all the night long."

Serjeant Whitaker having a cause brought before the House of Commons, one of the

prin-

principal evidences being ill, a debate arose, which lasted five hours, whether the sick man should appear; the house being divided, it was carried in the affirmative. When the gentleman was introduced, the Serjeant in great form was given to understand, that he might ask him what questions he pleased: upon which, with great gravity, when the house were in high expectance of some important question, the Serjeant rose and said, "Sir, *I hope you are better.*"

An English gentleman arriving at Paris, a woman of the first fashion was very desirous of knowing his opinion of the French ladies, which she expected in course would consist of the highest encomiums, and asking him, with a smile, "Pray, Sir, how do you find the French ladies? Are they superior to the British *belles*?" "*Oui, Madame,*" replied the gentleman, "*ills sont bien chere.*"

Latratu fures mutas amantes,

Sic placuo Domino, sic placui Domine.

The above was wittily translated by Mr. Wilkes upon Lord and Lady Vane, who, in Smollet's *Peregrine Pickle*, are characterized

Lord

Lord and Lady Frail; and he being asked to make an epigram upon her lap-dog, replied,
 At thieves I bark, at lovers wag my tail,
 And thus I please both Lord and Lady Frail.

Mr. Foote dining one day with Lord Townshend, after his duel with Lord Bellamont, the wine being bad, and the dinner ill dressed, made Foote observe to his Lordship, that he could not discover what reason could compel his Lordship to take up arms, when he might have effected his purpose another way, and with much more ease to himself. "Why, how," replied his Lordship, "could I have acted otherwise?" "How!" replied Foote, "you should have invited him to dine with your Lordship, as you have done me, and poisoned him."

Discourfing one day with Lord Mansfield, he mentioned that his patent was confined, and that he wished to have it extended for the performance of plays in the winter; for which purpose, continued Foote, I drew up a petition to his Majesty---"Well," fays my Lord, "and what answer did he give you, Mr. Foote?" "My Lord," replied the wag, "he

paid is

paid no more attention to it, than if all the people of England had petitioned him.

Mr. Wilkes coming to Paris, heard of Marmontel's being there, and as that genius is celebrated for his great parts, Mr. Wilkes tried to bring him forth upon that subject. After the bottle had passed jovially about, says Wilkes, "I met in Rome with a picture of a Priapus, surrounded with Cupids, who were striving in vain to raise it; but it was so enormous, that they never could get it to a perpendicular position." To this Marmontel replied, "Sir, I envy the race of small men, as they can please and amuse themselves. I do not know the joy of fruition; I shall therefore consign it to posterity as a valuable relict and phænomenon. I mean to present it to the Royal Society of Paris in spirits, with this label on the vase, *Hic jacet mentula Marmon-*

elli."

It was a witty pasquinade in Paris, in Oct. 1773, that France owed her ruin to the *Cons* Lord, ---Contades, Conflans, and Con de Barré.

Mr. Garrick paying a visit to Lord Corke, paid his Lordship recommended Mr. Mossop to him,

him, and expatiated on his abilities ; when Mr. Garrick observed, his voice was loud as a bull. “ True,” replied his Lordship, applying to Lady Corke, “ did n’t I, my Lady, always say, he roar’d like a bull ?” “ But,” says Garrick, “ does not your Lordship think him obstinate ?” “ Yes, he is obstinate as a mule ; did I not, my Lady, always say, he is obstinate as a mule ?” “ Besides, my Lord,” says Garrick, “ he is stiff as a poker.” “ Yes, damn him, my Lady,” says my Lord, “ I always said he was stiff as a poker : but, upon the whole, he is a good player, Mr. Garrick, barring the bull, the mule, and the poker.”

Foote dining at the Castle at Richmond, when Lady Harrington had also a party at the same tavern, there was a dispute about a room, when Foote meeting her Ladyship said, “ I have settled the dispute, my Lady ; I assured them, that the room which my company had got, could not be your Ladyship’s, *for there was no bed in it.*”

Dining upon the road with a friend at an inn, where a Mr. Woodcock lay dead, my Friend was difficult to please in his dinner, and asking the waiter for cold meat, the man replied

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replied, "Sir, we have no other cold meat in the house but dead Woodcock."

Tom Osborne, the Bookseller, who was a man of a scurvy habit of body, and had issues in his back and arms, discharged his gardener suddenly, whom Foote hired without a character. These opposite beings meeting at a venison-feast in Hampstead, Mr. Osborne attacked him for taking a man without enquiring of his character. "Sir," says Foote, "the man told me, you put him to a wrong use, and not to the business of his profession, for you made him plant peas in your back, and not in your garden."

A lady being left a great fortune by her husband, she married immediately. On the day of the marriage, a gentleman meeting Lord Lyttelton said, "Has your Lordship heard the news to-day?--Lady *** is married to Captain ***?" "No," replied his Lordship, "this is news to me, indeed; *for I laid with her last night, and she never mentioned a word about it.*"

Mr. Wilkes one day meeting with Dr. Johnson, the converse turned upon his dic-

tionary and the English language ; when Mr. Johnson dogmatically insisted upon it, that the letter H was never used in the middle of a word. Mr. Wilkes with pleasantry replied, that he was astonished a man of such parts as Dr. Johnson possessed, could be so little acquainted with *Maidenhead*.

A whimsical epitaph by a husband who had two wives.

Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who was a good wife, nor ever vexed one ;
I can't say that of her, at th' next stone.

Anecdote of Major Labilliere.

Major Labilliere had a pair of colours given him by the Devonshire family in a very early year of his life, and bearing them one day in the field, when the wind was high, he fell with them. The Duchess hearing of this circumstance, rallied the lathy ensign on the occasion, and asked him, what had he done, supposing they had blown away ? when the young soldier gallantly replied, " Then I should have followed them, please your Grace."

John

John Wilkes, Esq. when lord-mayor, told this in the Major's presence, at the anniversary for Middlesex, held at the George in Chiswick, upon the 27th of July, 1775; to which he added, the reply was worthy the tongue and spirit of Brutus.

Anecdote of the celebrated Mr. Gray.

Mr. Gray, who was bred in Cambridge, and lived there most of his life, was in person short, small, and delicate, and very particular and finical in his cloaths; nay, so much so, that in the dirtiest weather, in the streets of Cambridge, he would wear white silk stockings, and if they received a speck, he would return and change them.

Mr. Gray was uncommonly frightened at the idea of fire, and for fear of such accidents, he kept many conveniencies in his apartments for ready escape. Such timidity did not pass unnoticed by the students, who were frequently very mischievous on these occasions. One evening, in particular, some young men returning from the tavern, and desirous of alarming Mr. Gray, came under the window of his bed-room, and hollowed out fire; and when they had sufficiently alarmed him, they retired

tired into a corner, and saw poor Gray descend in his shirt by a rope-ladder ; when he had gained the ground, they set up a loud horse laugh, and the distressed scholar retired much confused. If genius is not respected in society, if a man of Mr. Gray's uncommon parts and knowledge, could not command any civility, to what ridicules may not men of sense and study be subjected, by the dull and wicked of a college !

Mr. W----- meeting with Mr. G----- who had been reading his own works at court, W----- asked him, if this was his idea of elegant retirement ; to read his own works to the dullest man in the nation, a German woman, who knew not a word of the language, and a parcel of untutored children out of the nursery---Oh, what a falling off is here !

When Dr. Goldsmith was getting up his comedy of *She stoops to conquer*, he was for erasing some passages in the last act, to which Colman observed, that there was no occasion to stand for squibs, as they had been sitting upon a barrel of gun-powder for two hours.

A gen-

A gentleman coming into a bookseller's shop, and a poetical composition lying on the counter, by Mr. B. Green, the brewer, the gentleman laid it down, with observing, that though the poesy was bad, some grains of allowance were to be made for the author.

Fleetwood, the manager and patentee of Drury-Lane theatre, borrowed 200*l.* of Harry Giffard, which his friends hourly pressed him to get again. One day Paul Whitehead and Victor prevailed on him to go and ask Fleetwood for it, while they waited with an agreeable expectation of his success on his return. When he came, they eagerly asked him, "Well, Harry, have you done it?" "Yes," says Giffard, "Well, but how?" "Why he talked so well, and promised so fair, that I have lent him 200*l.* more."

When Mr. Forrest fought the French Fleet off Cape François, with the captains Langdon and Suckling, the French Commodore sent him a card, to assure him of his forth coming. So when he appeared with a squadron two to one, Forrest made a signal to speak to his two captains; asking their opinions, and informing them, that he had come

on purpose to fight them---what say ye to it, gentlemen? "Why, Sir," says Suckling, "I think it would be a pity to disappoint him, since he is come on purpose." The consequence was, a severe action, in which the French were beaten; and the fight being on a banyan day, one of Suckling's failors observed, as the French were stealing away, "D--- my eyes, how we had beat 'em if it had been beef-day."

A certain gentleman of the stage, celebrated for his conjugal fidelity, was often saying in company with Foote, that he had not laid from his wife once in twenty years. "May be not," says Foote, "nor with her."

When Lieutenant Obrien, (who was afterwards called Sky-rocket Jack) was blown up at Spithead, in the Edgar, he was saved on the carriage of a gun, and when brought to the Admiral, all black and wet, he said, with pleasantry, "I hope, Sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I came out of the ship in so great a hurry, that I had not time to shift myself."

When

When Admiral Stevens commanded in the East Indies, he was blown off the coast in a hurricane, when the ship leaked so, they despaired of saving her ; upon that, he ordered the colours to be hoisted. " Oh, Sir," says one of the lieutenants, " its in vain to display them, we cannot get any assistance." " I know it," says the Admiral, " but she shall sink like a king's ship, with her colours flying." The storm abated, and they got into port.

A gentleman being one day at dinner with Foote, he complained that he had hurt his constitution by taking the *steel medicine*. " I'll cure you," says Foote. " How ?" " Clap a load-stone to your a---."

Mr. Charles Fox lodged in a pickle-shop, in Piccadilly, where he was standing talking one day with Mr. Hanger ; Mr. Chace Price going by, whispered to the shop-man, " You never had such pickles in your shop before."

Two highland officers sitting in serious conversation with each other, one of them putting his hand into his right breast, drew out a great louse, which he very carefully put under the

the sleeve of his shirt. The other, with some surprise, asked him the reason of such a manoeuvre. "In troth, Archy," says he, "he may be the head of a great clan, and if I kill him, I shall have a thousand upon me to resent his death."

Politicks being one day the topick of Foote's table, he humourously pun'd on the reigns of the three Georges, thus; King George the first had a turbulent, stormy *rain*---King George the second had a fertile and refreshing *rain*---but George the third has nothing more than a dull Scots mist.

The Duke of Cumberland dining with Foote, asked him, what the devil Wilkes and Sawbridge meant to do, by the political uproar they were making? "Do!" answered Foote, "they mean to put your brother into the Dover coach, and your mother into the basket, and send them both to France."

Foote frequently used to describe the miserable petit state of the court of Strelitz, by saying, that when a visitor came unexpectedly, they were obliged to lie three in a bed.

Foote dining on a turtle, at the castle at Richmond; when he had got into his chariot, and was going away, a tall, lank, sleek fellow of an hostler came up to the carriage, with a demure face, and says to Foote, "I hope, Sir, you will remember the hostler." "I believe I shall," says he, "when I see you again." The answer petrified the fellow, and he drove off, leaving him motionless.

Lord K---, who had a remarkable large, round, red face, took lodgings next to Foote's, and the back window of his room looked into the wit's garden. Foote walking one cold morning in the spring into his melon-ground, discovered his Lordship in the window. "Good morning to your Lordship." Says my Lord, "It is a very chill morning, Mr. Foote." Yes," says the wag, "it is, and I wish your Lordship would do me the honour to turn your countenance upon my cucumbers."

A gentleman of a very whimsical disposition, and who was an utter enemy to punning and punsters, was so tormented by his friends, that he left England in a pet, and went to France to avoid the low wit. He stayed there
three

three years, and the memory of the offence being well obliterated, he returned to Dover, when landing from the packet, he met an old friend who had often *pun-ished* him severely; mutually happy to acknowledge each other, he asked the traveller, where he came from? "I am just returned from the banks of the Rhine." To which the other answered, "Rhine!---rind of bacon or rind of cheefe?" The friend hurt at this new persecution, returned into the packet, and passed to France again.

Doctor Johnson being asked his opinion of Macklin the comedian, replied, "He is an eternal renovation of hope, with an everlasting disappointment. Nature hath done something for the fellow, but education has made him a blockhead."

Foote coming down the Hay-market, a beggar asked him for a half-penny; he gave him a shilling, saying, "Whenever you see a gentleman like myself, never offend him, by asking for a half-penny."

A gentleman asked Foote one day, in a very formal manner, whether he had any issue?

"Yes,"

"Yes," replied the wag, "I have two running, Sir, and you are welcome to 'em both."

When Wilkes was lord-mayor, Foote attended the Easter dinner, and leaning on a friend's arm, he was greatly crouded, where he observed a large woman very big with child---Zounds!" says the friend, "I wish we were out of this croud." "Ay," says Foote, turning to the woman, "and if this lady was delivered too, there would be no harm in it."

General Armiger's death being very sudden, and on the night of his nuptials, a maid of honour asked Mr. Chace Price the cause of it. "Miss," replied the wit, "the General died of a parenthesis."

Anecdote.

Churchill, Thompson, Bensley, Thornton and Lloyd were spending the evening at a tavern, when the subject was, who was the chastest writer in the English language? Some were candidates for Steel, some for Addison, &c. at last Lloyd, who had said nothing, was applied to, who made a most classic and elegant oration on the theme, and gave the preference

ference to Swift and the Draper's letters, which the company confirmed by different acknowledgements.

Dr. Johnson and some wits were talking of the merit of the Rehearsal, when he observed, with great judgment, that had it not been for the character of Bayes, there would not have been wit enough about it to have kept it sweet; that is to say, "there is not vitality enough about it to keep it from putrefaction."

The late facetious Mr. Samuel Cox, who was as celebrated for the classic neatness of his songs, as the goodness of his heart and the nimbleness of his wit, observed one evening a gentleman at supper eating roasted woodcocks which were scarce warm; upon which the following day he sent him a brace, with this card: "Mr. Cox's compliments to Mr. Hurd, and as he is so very fond of raw woodcocks, he begs his acceptance of a brace that are not dressed."

An American gentleman landed in Scotland from New-York, and as he was travelling with his servant, a native of Maryland, the fellow suddenly exclaimed, "Master, this

which is the finest cleared country I ever saw ; there
 now. is not a tree in it."

Lord Sandwich was one day at Huntingdon
 races, when a horse by the name of Satan ran
 for the plate. Lord Sandwich coming up to
 a gentleman, said, " Sir, my eyes are not
 very good, which horse is first ? I have bet on
 Satan." " Aye," replied the other, " you
 are on the right side ; the devil is always a
 friend to your Lordship."

Anecdote of Dr. Goldsmith.

Goldsmith was, without exception, the
 vainest man of his person, and a man of the
 plainest person you could see ; when he dined
 with Foote, he used to place himself at table
 opposite a large pier-glass, in which the Doc-
 tor would be always admiring himself, and
 neglect his victuals ; however, vanity led the
 Doctor to the thoughts of matrimony, and he
 believed a beautiful young lady where he vi-
 sited was much in love with him. These tri-
 vels got air, and some of the particulars were
 mentioned in a paper published by Evans,
 in Paternoster-row. The Doctor, incensed,
 flew to the shop, and when he entered, the
 I book-

bookseller was stooping for something behind the counter; Goldsmith, not regarding that, struck him with his cane, and knocked him down; the man astonished and confounded got up, and beat the Doctor so severely, that he was confined for some time for the impetuosity of his temper.

A gentleman who had an utter aversion to a pun, met with a friend who knew his dislike; "Pray," says he, "do you know why Hammersmith is the best way to make pickle cucumbers?" "No---how should I?" "I'll tell you; is it not the way to *Turn'em green*?"

Quin ordered a dinner, at the time of the earthquake in London, at the Magpye, in Whitechapel, consisting of a shoulder of mutton and a pudding; after eating the former, he asked for the pudding, which, with a very pitiful face, the waiter informed him was forgot. "Tell the hostess to come here---Madam," says he, "we may well have earthquakes---no pudding of a Sunday!---Oh, you Sabbath-breaking bitch!"

Mr. Selwyn was attending a lady, to see the elegance of her furniture, whose progeni-

tors had not been very happy in their deaths, and while she went from room to room, she kept apologizing for the pictures not being properly placed: "but here, Sir," says she, "I mean to hang up my family." I think," says he, "you might spare yourself that trouble, for I understand they have been hung up long ago."

A tavern-scene between Femmy Twitcher and a great Genius.

Tw. Foote, you are a sad dog! I don't believe there is a wickeder fellow breathing.

F. My Lord, I own I am pretty well for a commoner; but your Lordship is a proof that I can't keep pace with a nobleman.

Tw. Hark you! Tell me one thing: do you think you'll die by the p---x or a rope?

F. That, my Lord, will depend upon two contingencies; whether I embrace your Lordship's mistress, or your Lordship's principles.

There was such an uncommon vein of pleantry about Foote, that in his most serious moments, humour and wit would escape him.

D

He

He had a great regard for Mr. Holland,* the tragedian, whose father was a baker in Chiswick, and where he was buried. Foote returning from the burial, met a gentleman who was also Holland's friend---“ Ah, my dear Sir,” says Sam, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, “ I have just seen poor Charles put into the family oven.”

The manners of Pope were by no means so immaculate as those of a Christian thief should be. Mrs. Martha Blount he kept as a mistress to the day of his death. Pope quarrelled only with Lady Mary Wortley Montague, because she gave him some pungent reasons to remember her favours. Not knowing the kindness she had rendered him, he obliged poor Martha Blount in the same way. It was the doleful condition, occasioned by the intimate friendship of Lady Mary, which gave rise to the lines on Sappho, that are so lamentably descriptive of the poet's disorder. I could illustrate the natural powers of Mr. Pope by many curious anecdotes : but it is well known that the proportion of parts allotted to him

* Mr. Garrick had a great friendship for him, and wrote an epitaph to his memory.

share were very considerable. The first woman of taste in the kingdom admired his abilities. Temperate in the use of liquor, Mr. Pope certainly was : not so in eating ; he was an Epicure in his table, and a Stoic in his wine. He could have dined with Epicurus : but his health would have compelled him to have drank only with Zeno. Two or three glasses of Chio wine was all that his customary head-ach would permit him to relish.

Foote, whose talent lay in lampooning and mimicry, even in his early days, had once got the knack of imitating a late general officer, in the shrug of his shoulders, the lisping of his speech, and some other things for which the General was remarkable, that it grew a common topic among his acquaintance, who used to say, "Come, Sam, let us have the General's company." A friend, at length, acquainted the officer of it, who sent for Foote : "Sir," says the General, "I hear you have an excellent talent at mimicking characters, and among the rest, I find I have been the subject of your ridicule." "Oh, Lord, Sir," says Foote, with great pleasantry, "I take all my acquaintance off at times, and what is more particular, I often take myself off."

"God so," says the other, "pray let us have a specimen." Foote, on this, puts on his hat and gloves, takes hold of his cane, and making a short bow, left the room. The officer waited some minutes for his return; but at length, on enquiry, found he had really taken himself off, by leaving the house. The officer was Gen. Blakeney, with whom he was afterwards in the strictest friendship.

When Sir Thomas Robinson's shares of Ranelagh were to be sold, a gentleman calling upon Foote, the wit asked him, if he had any money to spare; "For if you have," says he, "you'll find a share of Ranelagh to be a good thing, for G--- and all the Jews are after the purchase."

Anecdote of Allan Ramsay.

He was a barber in Edinburgh, and those sonnets, &c. attributed to him, are not of his composition. Allan Ramsay was a lively fellow, he sung a good catch, and he scribbled rhymes, which drew the attention of the students of the colleges towards him, and they persuaded Allan to commence poet, promising to supply him from time to time with

matter

matter. This humour succeeded both with the scholars and the barber, till at length Allan began to be so famed, that he was universally complimented on his abilities; and the students, on the other hand, enjoyed the jest, to think how well they imposed on the judgments of the world. Thus, with the borrowed plumes of the peacock, did this literary jack-daw strut forth, and at last established that reputation to which he had no right.

To Doctor Johnson, author of a most colossal, stupendous, technical, and unintelligible English Dictionary.

This is written by a French gentleman, who was uncommonly enraged by the pompous pedagogue, the Holofernes of grammar, and the confounder of common-sense.

S I R,

By Gar, Ser, vat be de meaning of your usage to me, an etranger? I come to Londres, à la rue de Suffolk-street, Madame Courage. I ask for de explanation of the vords. De recommend your Dictionnaire. I look derein for one vord, de call *net-work*, I read

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dere,

dere, dat de net-work bee, "any thing reticulated or decussated at equal distances." I stamp, I damn, I know no meaning dereof. I look again for *reticulated*. I find, parblieu, reticulated be, "made of net-work, formed with interstitial vacuities." I be den more perplexed dan ever. I swear. I do den look for de vord *decussated*. I find him, "to internet at acute angles." I be after all dis research more perplexed and more puzzled den ever I was, and less informed ; for I do find, if I do bye Mr. Johnson's dictionnaire to inform me of de Englis language, by Gar, I must also have une autre Dictionnaire to explain me de vords of Doctor Johnson.

Yours, &c.

Jean Jaques Mutton.

A whimsical Dialogue at the Traveller's Office.

Gentleman. [*Entering.*] I want, Sir, to register for a partner at your office.

Clerk. With pleasure, Sir ; what place are you going to ?

Gent. Heaven.

Clerk. [*Looking earnestly at him.*] You jest, I presume, Sir ?

Gent. Why so, Sir ? Don't I look as if I was fit to go there ?

Clerk.

Clerk. I did n't mean that ? I only thought, Sir, it was rather soon.

Gent. Not at all, Sir ; it can never be too soon, I think.

Clerk. To be sure, Sir, you are the best judge.

Gent. You have nobody ready on the books ?

Clerk. Can't say we have, Sir, at present ---How do you propose to travel, pray ?

Gent. Oh, any way ; in a waggon with all my heart.

Clerk. A flying one then ?

Gent. You're right. I know every foot of the road ; I've got a map of my own---

[Pulls out "*the Sure Guide to Paradise, by the Rev. Dr. -----.*"]

Clerk. Would you stop, Sir, occasionally ? Or do you mean to post on ?

Gent. It's the same thing to me---as the gentleman chooses.

Clerk. Suppose it were a lady, Sir, you've no objection.

Gent. Not if her head will go into the carriage.

Clerk. And when wou'd you set out, Sir ?

Gent. On Sunday ; the best time, I think.

Clerk. That's as you like, Sir.---Your name, if you please.

Gent. Lovetwang---Naham Lovetwang.

Clerk. In what street? I must beg the place of your residence.

Gent. The tabernacle, Tottenham-court.

Clerk. I have put it down, Sir. Any luggage that's material?

Gent. My wife: nothing else; and her I think of leaving by the way. What's your fee, Mister?

Clerk. A shilling.

Gent. Cheap enough of all conscience. [*Pays him.*] There are not any Diligences on that road, are there?

Clerk. Never heard of any, Sir.

Gent. Hah---and so I have a tolerable chance, you think, of a companion?

Clerk. I would hope so.

Gent. Not so good as if it was for York races?

Clerk. [*Smiling.*] May be not, Sir.

Gent. Pray don't their lordships the B---s go my road sometimes?

Clerk. Not till they can't help it, I believe, Sir.

Gent. Well, if I don't get a partner in time, I must set out alone, that's all.

[*Exit, chanting a hymn.*]

Plea-

Pleasantry of a man who understood the better part of valour, called discretion.

Villaudri, a French officer, in the times of the civil wars of France, and who served under the famous Duke of Guise, was reproached by the Duke, that though he was well armed at all points, he had never made his appearance during the whole time of the battle which they had fought. Villaudri, who had more of Jack Falstaff in him than of Hotspur, thought it best to disarm the Duke's anger by a Joke. "I tell your Grace," says he, "I was present at the battle, and at a place where you durst not appear." The Duke was going to reply in a rage, when Villaudri appeased him, by telling him, "I was at the baggage, a place where I am sure your courage would not suffer you to hide yourself."

Mrs. Foote, mother of Aristophanes, was of a very whimsical turn of mind, and experienced the caprice of fortune nearly as much as her son. The day she was sent prisoner to the King's-Bench, Foote was taken to a spunging-house, when the following laconic letters passed between mother and son: "Dear Sam, I am in prison." Answer; "Dear mother, so am I."

The

The Earl of Dorset coming to court on Queen Elizabeth's birth-day, the King (Charles II.) asked him what the bells rang for? which having answered, the King further asked him, how it came to pass that her holiday was still kept, while those of his father and grandfather were no more thought of than William the Conqueror's? "Because," said the frank Peer to the frank King, "she, being a woman, chose men for her counsellors, and men, when they reign, usually choose women."---What a sarcasm on the lewd King himself! whose father, though otherwise a virtuous prince, was governed by an imperious French woman of a wife; and his grandfather, though he had no mistresses, had little masters who governed him, and whom he chose for no other merit, but being as like women as men could be.

Lord Craven, in King Charles the Second's time, was a constant man at a fire; for which purpose he always had a horse ready saddled in the stable, and rewarded the first who gave him notice of such an accident. It was a good-natured fancy, and he did a great deal of service; but in that reign every thing was turned to a joke. The King being told of

on a terrible fire that was broke out, asked presently, if my Lord Craven was there? "Oh," says somebody by, "an't please your Majesty, he was there before it began, waiting for it. He has had two horses burnt under him already."

Gay read a copy of verses he had made on Sir Godfrey Kneller to him, in which he had pushed his flattery so far, that he was all the while in great apprehension that Sir Godfrey would think himself bantered. When he had heard it through, he said, in his foreign style and accent, "Aye, Mr. Gay, all that you have said is very fine and very true; but you have forgot one thing, my good friend: by G---, I should have been a general of an army; for when I was at Venice, there was a girandole, and all the place of St. Mark was in a smoke of gunpowder, and I did like the smell, Mr. Gay. I should have been a great general, Mr. Gay."

Prior, the minister and poet, would constantly go, for several years, after having spent the evening with Oxford, Bolingbroke, Pope, Swift, &c. to drink a pot and smoke a pipe with a common soldier and his wife in
Long-

Long-Acre; and he left these people his fortune of three or four thousand pounds when he died.

A rich old abbot had a noble collection of medals, that had been transmitted to him from his ancestors, which, as he understood nothing of them, and was come to that time of life, when, having no farther occasion for money, we love nothing else, he wanted to part with. Ficaroni, as being the Pope's antiquary, was employed to get him a purchaser; and he brought him Sir Andrew Fountaine, who, he had before acquainted him, was a young English Cavallero on his travels, who knew nothing of medals himself, but had a mind to shew away, like other raw young fellows of birth and fortune, when he came home, with a little bad *vertù*. This did very well: but Ficaroni and Sir Andrew (who was one of the keenest *virtuosi* in Europe, and *out-Italianed* even the Italians themselves) had agreed before they went, on certain terms between them two, to pick out all the rare and valuable ones, which the Abbot was to let him have for low prices, as being in a manner trash, for so Ficaroni was to wink at him; by which means they plundered the poor ecclesiastic

fiastic, while he was hugging himself on his and his friend's duping the young English clergy. When they were come down, and got out of the convent, Sir Andrew embraced Ficaroni, and said to him, as Augustus and Lici-
nius might have done, "Noi siamo due becchi fututi. We are a couple of precious dogs."

Anecdote of Chevalier D'Eon.

The Chevalier having a few years ago shewn an inclination for a servant maid of his friend the late Humphry Cotes, the girl, by way of grateful return, swore a bastard child to him in about ten months after the commencement of his attachment; and his good friend Humphry, to settle matters to the convenience of both parties, got the child into the Foundling-Hospital; and those who know the mark, say the child is still living, and if he is wise enough to know his own father, might determine the dispute about the sex of the Chevalier.

Doctor Blackburn (afterwards Archbishop of York) in the early part of his life was an active buccaneer in the West Indies. In one of their cruizes, the first lieutenant, having

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a dispute with him, told him, that if it was not for his gown, he should treat him in a different manner. "Oh," says Blackburn, "that need be no hindrance, as it is easily thrown off----and now I am your man." Upon this it was agreed, that they should fight on a small island, where the ship lay, and that he who fell should be rolled into the sea, as if walking on the cliff his foot had slipped, and he had tumbled in. The Lieutenant fell---Blackburn began rolling him down one or two declivities: but just as they came to the last, the lieutenant came to himself, and cried out, "For God's sake, hold your hand!" "Ah," says his antagonist, "you just spoke in time, for you had but one more leap to the bottom."

When Sir Charles Wager heard of his promotion to the see of York, "What," said he, "my friend Dr. Blackburn made Archbishop of York! I ought to have been preferred to it before him, as I was the elder buccaneer of the two."

Residing, when archbishop, entirely in London, an article once appeared in the papers, mentioning, that the palace at Bishopthorp had been

been accidentally burnt down, by the kitchen chimney taking fire. This was contradicted the next day, with this addition, "that there had been no fire in the kitchen for many years."

This palace, however, at his death, in 1743, was in thorough repair, by the care and attention of his archdeacon, Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Hayter, to whom he gave an unlimited commission, and told him, that if there were any dilapidations, he should pay them.

Anecdote of Dean Berkley.

When that famous and extraordinary man was in America, he built an indifferent wooden house for himself, about three miles from the town of Newport; the situation is low, but commands a fine view of the ocean, and of some wild, rugged rocks that are on the left hand of it. The Dean's partiality for this little spot can hardly be imagined; his wild and chimerical notions have often been made a matter of ridicule for the superficial and impotent literary dabblers; but we truly think the following prediction arose from the source of a comprehensive, penetrating genius:---

nus :---The Dean had formed the plan of building a town upon the rocks just mentioned, and of cutting a road through a sandy beach, which lies a little below them, in order that ships might come up and be sheltered in bad weather. He was so full of this project, as one day to say to Mr. Smibert, a designer, whom he had brought with him from Europe, on the latter's asking some ludicrous question concerning the future importance of the place, "Truly, you have very little foresight, for in a century, every foot of land in this place will be as valuable as if it stood in Cheapside."

Bon-Mot.

At the representation of the first part of Henry IV. at the Hay-market, the audience appeared as dissatisfied with Hotspur, as they were delighted with Falstaff;* and indeed the character of the former seemed reversed from the original: a gentleman in the box was observed to be equally attentive and silent, and on the conclusion of the play, or rather on the death of Hotspur, being asked what he thought of Mr. Smith, replied, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

* Mr. Henderson,

Anecdote.

The moral character of Mr. Pope hath been as much mistaken, as his receiving a pension from Walpole hath been little known. Pope was naturally waspish, splenetic, and of a sour unforgiving temper. His mind, like his body, was deformed. The first was so by nature; the last was occasioned by the carelessness of a servant. Pope had certainly a moral turn of thought: but that did not get the better of his constitutional failings. Hence the Dunciad, although by many degrees the finest of his poems, is yet merely the offspring of Spleen, begotten by Ill-nature. Some very worthy characters are translated in that poem. Several writers are abused, whose works Pope was not qualified to read.

Anecdote of the late Prince of Wales.

Among the good qualities which adorned this Prince, a patronage of men of letters was one which did singular honour to his character. In this line, Mr. Glover, well known by the name of Leonidas Glover, constantly attended his levee, and was always received with distinction. One day the Prince observed that

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he had not seen this gentleman for some time, and asking if he was not well, was told by a friend, that Mr. Glover was under difficulties from some losses in trade, which so discouraged him, that he was diffident in appearing in his Highness's presence. The Prince paused, and retired for a few minutes into a private closet, when presenting a bank note of five hundred pounds to a gentleman present, "Here," says he, "carry this to poor Mr. Glover; tell him I sincerely condole with him in his misfortunes; that I send him this as a small testimony of my affection, and that I always shall be glad to see him."

Bon-Mot.

A gentleman of the name of Ash, being overtaken by a violent storm of rain, took refuge in an inn, but not before he was quite wet through. On getting into a room, he called to one of the waiters, "Here, fellow, help me off with my coat." "You'll excuse me, Sir," says the waiter, who knew him, "it is contrary to act of Parliament to strip *Ash.*"

Anno

Anecdote of Charles the First.

Charles the First being in much perplexity about signing the warrant for the execution of his great favourite the Earl of Strafford, said, it was next to death to part with so able a minister and so loyal a subject. But a certain courtier standing by, soon resolved his Majesty's doubts, by telling him, that in an exigence like that, a man had better part with his crutch than his leg.---What a blessing would it have been to this nation, if George the Third had in like manner given credit to the united voice of his people, some few years ago, when assuring him, that it was better to part with this false guide, and rest on the affections of his people, than sacrifice the warm attachment of a whole kingdom to preserve his favouritism inviolate.

Anecdote of the late Duke of Cumberland.

In the last Scotch rebellion, while his Royal Highness lay in the town of Aberdeen, a gentleman of the name of D---, was strongly suspected of privately assisting and conveying intelligence to the rebels. It was also reported, that he had procured them many articles, and had a magazine collected for their

ply. A proclamation was therefore issued, offering a large sum to any person who would either apprehend, or discover him; on which his nephew, now Baillie D---, dragged him from his lurking-place, and carried him to the head-quarters; when on being admitted into the Duke's presence, he told him, "That his loyalty and attachment to his king and country, had induced him to break the band of consanguinity, and deliver up his father's brother, a victim to the offended laws: but," continues he, "now that he is secured, may it please your Royal Highness to inform me, what will be done with him?" Why," replies the Duke, "he will be hanged, Sir, and you will be damned."

Anecdote of the celebrated Dr. Stukeley. Addressed to the Antiquarians.

The late Mr. Pine, the engraver and herald, who was a very sensible man, used to relate a fact, which shewed Dr. Stukeley's character as an antiquary. As the Doctor and some other curious persons, among whom was Mr. Pine, were visiting certain antiquities in Hertfordshire, they came to a place called Cæsar's Stile, situated on the brow of

an

an eminence. No sooner was the place named, than the Doctor stopped all of a sudden, and after an attentive survey of the neighbouring ground, pronounced it to be directly the scite of a fortified pass, which Cæsar had left behind him in his march from Cowey-Stakes to Verulam. Some of the company demurring to this opinion, a debate arose, and an aged labouring man coming up, the Doctor asked him with great confidence, whether that was not called Cæsar's-Stile?" "Aye, Master," said the old man, "that it is; I have good reason to know it, for many a day did I work upon it for old Bob Cæsar, rest his soul; he lived in yonder farm, and a sad road it was before he made this stile."

Bon-Mot of a Bookseller.

In a company where Mr. Macpherson and a certain bookseller happened to be present, the conversation turned upon the infamous translation of Homer, written by the former gentleman. Some of the company having attacked it, the translator defended it as well as he could, and said that it would always keep its place in the world. "Aye, so it will, Mr. Mac," replied the bookseller, "for I had

but one copy of it from the beginning, and I'll be damn'd but it has kept its place on my shelf till this very hour, and I suppose will to the last hour of my business."

Bon-Mot of a Printer.

A certain author of this age dressed himself like a gentleman, and went very confidently to pay his addressee to a young lady of family and fortune in F--- Street. Her friends having enquired of him who he was, he assured them that he was a gentleman, and that though at present he could not boast much of his actual possessions, he had very great and very flattering prospects in life; for which he referred them to a certain printer. Arrived at the printer's, they enquired whether Mr. Such-a-one had any great prospects in life, as he mentioned? "Yes," replied the printer, "he possesses one very fine prospect." What was that? "Oh, Sir," rejoined the printer, "he has a prospect of fifty miles at least from his garret window."

Quin's account of Scotland.

This Actor being asked, if he had ever been in Scotland, and how he liked the people, replied,

plied, "If you mean the lower order of them, I shall be at a loss to answer you, for I had no farther acquaintance of them than by the smell. As for the nobility, they are numerous, and for the most part proud and beggarly. I remember when I crossed from the north of Ireland into their d---d country, I came to a wretched village, consisting of a dozen huts, in the style of the Hottentots, the principal of which was an inn, and kept by an earl. The whole village was up in an instant to salute me, supposing, from the elegance of my appearance, that I must be some person of a large fortune and family. The Earl ran, and took hold of my stirrup, while I dismounted; then turning to his eldest son, who stood by us without breeches, said, "My Laird, do you tak the gentleman's horse to the stable, and desire your sester, Lady Betty, to draw him a pint o'two-penny, for I suppose so great a mon will ha' the best liquors i' the whole hoos." I was obliged," continued Quin, "to stay here the whole night, and to make a supper of rotten potatoes and stinking eggs. The old nobleman was indeed very complaisant, and made me accept of his own bed. I cannot say that the dormitory was the best in the world, for there was nothing

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but an old box to sit upon in the room, and neither sheets nor curtains to the bed. Lady Betty was kind enough to apologize for the apartment, assuring me, many persons of great degnaty had frequently slept in it; and that though the blonkets lak'd sae blok, it was not quite four years since they had been wash'd by the Countess her mother, and Lady Matilda Carolina Angelia Eleonora Sophia, one of her younger sisters. She then wished me a good night, and said, that the Viscount her brother would tak particular care to grease my boots."

Berlin, May 25, 1770.

A Neapolitan young man settled at Warsaw, and set up as a merchant, but finding that his industry was not rewarded with success, he made love to a Polish young lady of fortune, and after a courtship of six months, gained the heart of this beautiful young lady, and married her: but a few months after this marriage, a Venetian young lady came there, and proved her lawful marriage with him, with a fortune of 20,000 chequins. Scarcely was he accused by this Venetian young lady, but there came a Provincial young lady, and proved her marriage with him, and that she

had

had brought a fortune of 30,000 French livres. In the same week an Austrian young lady from Vienna came over, and proved her marriage with him, and that her marriage portion was 20,000 florins. He then was, by the laws of that country, condemned to death ; but according to the custom of Poland, the night before the execution, all condemned persons are put into a fine room, and are at liberty to have a conference with all their friends. On this occasion the Polish young lady came to see him for the last time, and was struck with a strong compassion on seeing his melancholy situation, and at last found the way, by the means of a jesuit, to save him. The plan of escape having been agreed on, she resolved the same moment to fly with him ; accordingly she went home immediately, and took all her substance in ready cash and jewels, and thus they both set off together ; but this inhuman wretch of Naples was not ten Polish miles from Warsaw, when finding himself quite out of danger, and in a dark forest, he took this amiable young lady, bound her hand and foot with strong ropes, threw her into the forest, and set off with all her substance. In this most unhappy miserable state the young lady lay
forty-

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forty-eight hours, but luckily was discovered by a peasant, who saved her life, and brought her to Warsaw. When this story was known at court, the King compassionately granted her 100 ducats per annum, and the jesuit and goal-keeper were sent to prison.

Repartee of Lord B---te's Mother-in-law.

Lady M. W. Montague and Mr. Pope, from being very intimate friends, and perhaps something more, became most inveterate enemies. Pope, on being told that the Lady had spoken very sarcastically of his person and writings, desired the gentleman who informed him, to acquaint her Ladyship, that she should hear from him in black and white. "Ay!" said Lady Mary, "does the little fellow say so? Pray tell him then, that he shall hear from me in black and blue."

A part of English History, worth the Perusal of his Grace the Archbishop of York.

Towards the end of this year (1212) died Geoffry Archbishop of York. He was a prelate of a narrow genius, proud, pragmatical, and very passionate; one that would have done
a great

a great deal of mischief, had he been as able as willing.

Bon-Mot.

A gentleman, who was the other night at supper in a circle of fashionable people, as he was drinking out of a porter pot, observed the following letters on it, T. R. D. upon which, under the pretence of being very witty, he observed, that there wanted but a letter to make it a very strange expression. At this some of the company laughed, and some of the ladies blushed; when an elderly lady, who sat next him, taking up the pot very gravely, replied, "I am sure if there is any thing nasty in the idea of these letters, 'tis U must give it to them."

There is a poor blind man, who has for these twenty years at least stood begging at Newcastle-house in Lincoln's-inn-fields, but his usual stand is at the end of the house in Great Queen-street. When the Earl of Bute was mounting to power, in the present unhappy reign, and all the courtiers, bishops, &c. left Newcastle-house, (where they had so often been fed, cloathed, placed, &c. by the good

good old Duke) to pay their court to the rising sun ; the late old Earl of Winchelsea one day going by the Duke's house, and seeing the poor old blind beggar, said, with surprise, " Ah, old acquaintance ! I will give thee a shilling, for thou art the only grateful beggar that has not left these walls."

Amidst the great variety of characters which Mr. Henderson intends going through this season, he has it in his intension to play the part of Scrub, and he will be instructed in some of the principal scenes by a brother performer, who has gone through the character with such success, that he has made above one hundred and fifty thousand pounds by it.

Anecdote.

The late Mr. Mossop playing the character of Macbeth, in Dublin, to a very crowded audience, who by repeated plaudits expressed their approbation until the fourth act, when the following whimsical circumstance so far destroyed his feelings, as to be scarce tolerable the remainder of the performance ; when he addressed one of the murderers in these words,

these words, "There's blood upon thy face;" the tone and countenance with which they were delivered, entirely confounded the poor murderer, who directly exclaimed, "Is there, by God!" and pulled out his handkerchief to wipe it off.

Anecdote of Dr. Smollet.

Some years ago it happened that the Doctor was in company with about a dozen gentlemen, at the London tavern, both English and Scotch. The conversation turned upon the height of power to which the Scotch had arrived in the present reign; and by a natural transition upon the abilities of the Scotch. "It appears to me," says an English gentleman, "that the Scotch in general are extremely ingenious, subtle, and capable, if we judge from those of that country among us; for, upon my word, I don't know a Scotchman a fool in London. "That may very well be," replied the Doctor, "and yet stand as no proof of their universal character; for you must know, there are two offices of inquisition erected at the southern boundary of Scotland, upon the two great leading roads, where every Scotchman undergoes an

exa-

examination previous to his entering England. If he is found capable of living among you as Scotchmen have lately lived, he passes ; if not, they send him back again." A Scotch gentleman, not overstocked with wit, observed with a very serious air, that he had passed over land into England, and saw no such office. " Oh, then, by God," replied the Doctor, " you was smuggled in."

One day, as Lord George Germaine was in private conference with a great person, endeavouring to satisfy him for the repeated blunders of administration, and giving him fresh assurances of America's being conquered this campaign, the great person unexpectedly replied, *Mais comment,* Monseigneur !* Which words had such a sudden effect upon his Lordship, that he quitted the closet abruptly, and left behind him all his dispatches.

A well known person, of an odd turn of humour, lately riding on horseback near Bath,

* As many of our readers may wonder why the word *mais comment*, should so startle his Lordship, they are desired to recollect, that those very words were the answer made by his Lordship, when he misunderstood the Prince of Brunswick aid-de-camp, on the morning of the battle of Minden.

happened to meet another, equal to himself, in a lane so narrow, that neither could pass without one giving way, which neither would do. Both made a halt, and not a single word was spoken, till the first mentioned deliberately pulled a newspaper out of his pocket, and began reading it to himself, with the utmost composure; when the other, determined to prove an equal degree of patience and obstinacy, leisurely took a pinch of snuff, and very gravely accosted him, "Sir, when you have done with that paper, I shall be glad to look at it," which so pleased the humourist, that he immediately pulled off his spectacles, and seized him by the hand, declaring at the same time, that he should go home and dine with him.

The rudeness and ill-manners of our common people towards their superiors, is certainly too justly complained of. The following fact, however, may well be given in exception to the remark: a foreigner, coming through the Park, ventured to ask the centinel, placed near the Stable-yard, if there was not a way out there? when the centinel not only answered him in the affirmative, and with

all possible civility, but archly added, that my Lady Harrington's gate was always open.

Bon-Mot.

The late Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a rout in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests; Chesterfield seemed gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies; Voltaire accosted him, "My Lord, I know you are a judge, which are more beautiful, the English or the French ladies?"-----"Upon my word," replied his Lordship, with his usual presence of mind, "I am no connoisseur of paintings." Some time after this, Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's rout with Lord Chesterfield; a lady in company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation; Chesterfield came up, tapped him upon the shoulder, saying, "Sir, take care you are not captivated." "My Lord," replied the French wit, "I scorn to be taken by an English bottom under French colours."

When Mr. Charles Holland first came out at Drury-lane, some gentlemen asked Foote's

opinion

opinion of the young actor---“What’s his name?” says Foote; “Holland, Sir.” “No,” says he, “it’s Dowlas, by G---d.”

Foote attended the theatre one evening, when a new lady appeared with some gleam * of grace. Foote asked a gentleman by him, what was the lady’s name? “Reddish, Sir,” says the stranger. “It is Horse-Reddish then, by G---d,” says he.

Foote’s tallow-chandler came to him one morning, with a very long face, telling him a doleful tale, as how his shop had been broken open, and a great quantity of candles stolen out of it; “Well,” says Foote, “never mind it, my dear Greasy, they will all come to light again in time.”

When Lord Chesterfield was on his death-bed, his physicians informed him, that he would die by inches; “Well,” says his Lordship, that is no great mortification, when I reflect, that I am not so tall as Sir Thomas Robinson.”

* Churchill, in his *Rosciad*, thus speaks of this lady.

“Happy in this, behold amidst the throng,

“With transient gleams of grace, Hart sweeps along.”

66 A R I S T O P H A N E S.

Dr. Johnson being asked his opinion of Mr. Hoole's tragedies, replied, "Sir, it is a sort of poesy that no gentleman would ever wish to remember a line of."

Mr. Foote, in his return from Bath, dined at the Castle at Salt-hill; the bill being very extravagant, he sent for the landlady---- "Pray, Madam," says he, "is not your name Partridge?" "Yes, Sir." "I think it should have been Woodcock by the length of your bill."

A gentleman dressed in the character of Adam at the masquerade, another asked him, how Cain, his eldest son, became so black, when he was naturally so fair? "Sir," says Adam, "don't you know the devil cuckolded me?"

When the Duke of Grafton was informed of his divorced Duchess being married to Lord U---p--- f---y---, "Aye" says his Grace, "it is high time, for she has long been under O---f---y---."

An Irish gentleman having drank very much one evening, complained violently the

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succeeding morning of thirst, and in a simple exclamation cried, "By Jafus, if I had thought I should have been so dry to-day, but I would have drank more last night."

A gentleman coming booted and spurred into the pit, at the pantomime of Orpheus and Eurydice, stuck a gentleman into the legs, and after begging pardon, asked what the performance was, to which the punster answered, "You rid I see!"

One Mr. M^c Pherfon, a Scots gentleman, paying his respects to the Duchess of Northumberland, was asked by her Grace, if he had seen her son *Earl Percy*; upon which my Lord was introduced, and M^c Pherfon observed to her Grace, *that it was another kind of a childe that slew the Douglass.*

Mr. Foote attending with Sir John St. Alban, Mr. Fielding's examination into the legality of the Harmonic Meeting, said, there were no want of amusements, there were the two play-houses, the opera-house in the Haymarket, and opposite, the facetious *Aristophanes*. "Who?" says Sir John. "*Harry Stephens,*" replied Foote. "What the man that

reads lectures upon heads?" "The same."
"I know him well," replied the knight.

When Dean Swift had written the song of "O my kitten, my kitten," he was passing over Effex-bridge, in Dublin, and being a meagre, disagreeable looking man, a boy met him, and shaking his fist at him, said, "Get you gone, raw-head and bloody-bones, here is a boy that don't fear you;" which confounding Swift, he gave him six-pence, and requested never to see his face again.

Swift meeting a farmer with a black horse in a halter, said, "Honest man, how can you use your horse so ill, to make him black in the face?" When the farmer replied, "Ah, Maister! had you looked as long through a halter as he has, you would be black in the face too."

Nice men in their apparel are great dunces, and in general great slovens great geniuses.

This observation is easily expounded; those who do not pay any attention to the decoration of their minds, bestow the same time in ornamenting their bodies."

A lady

A lady coming down stairs where a fiddle was placed, threw down the instrument with her mantua, when Swift most pertinently made the subsequent classic pun :

“ *Mantua vae misere nimium vicini Cremona!*

VIRG.

Dr. Johnson talking one day with W. Whitehead, the poet laureat, Whitehead begged leave to repeat his new ode, in which was this line,

“ Who rules o’er freemen, should himself be free.”

Some altercation arose upon the propriety of the expression, when the Doctor concluded with remarking, that Mr. Whitehead might as well say, Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.

Anecdote.

Mr. Boswell being desired to make a collection of Dr. Johnson’s works in 1773, he enquired of himself what they consisted of, and to his great surprise, he found them to be mostly prefaces and dedications to other men’s works, and that he was editor to the Gentleman’s Magazine, and author of the Literary Magazine also.

When General Armiger died on the day of his nuptials, the King asked Lady Bridget Lane the cause; she replied, “The *nightmare*, please your Majesty.”

Miss Sherry playing a part at Drury-lane, a person asked Foote, what he thought of the Sherry? “Oh!” says the wag, “it is pricked.”

When Voltaire was in England, he visited the ingenious Dr. Young, author of the *Night-Thoughts*, &c. when Voltaire began a severe criticism on Milton and his *Paradise-Lost*, which Young being unable to bear, he started up in a violent rage, and said,

“You are so ugly, pert and thin,

“You’re Milton’s Devil, Death and Sin.”

Foote coming into the rooms of Bath, after the trial with his coachman, and the sale of his theatre to Colman, meeting an acquaintance, he said, “I have sold my house for 1600*l.* a year, and I am to have 500*l.* more for my pieces.” “What,” says the wag, “and do you give your coachman into the bargain?”

The

The Duke of R--- reading the papers, observed, that the Bishop of Chichester had said prayers to the Princes for the first time. "Ah," says his Grace, "this convinces me of the general neglect to these young Princes; but though they have paid little attention to their education, I thought they had overdone it in morals and religion; but to my surprise, I find prayers was first said to them yesterday."

Lord Chesterfield going into Ranelagh one evening, met with Sir Thomas Robinson, who spoke very bad French. The Knight accosted his Lordship with great glee, and informed him, that he had been honoured with a very long conversation with the French ambassador. "I heard of it," replied his Lordship, "and I am extremely sorry for it." "Sorry, my Lord! Why, how?" exclaims the Knight. "I am very sorry, I say, Sir Thomas, to find that so much bad language passed between you."

Bon-Mot of the celebrated Earl of Dorset.

This nobleman having a great desire to spend the evening with Butler, the celebrated

author of Hudibras, spoke to Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him. The three wits, some time after, accordingly, met at a tavern, when, upon the first bottle, Butler was rather flat; on the second, he broke out the man of wit and reading; but on the third, relapsed into a tameness of conversation---very inferior to the author of Hudibras. Next morning Mr. Shepherd asked his Lordship, how he liked his friend Butler? "I do not know any thing better to compare him to," says his Lordship, "than a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle."

Anecdote extraordinary.

One day a certain Duchess who lives near Piccadilly, and who is as remarkable for the simplicity of her heart, as for her rage for dress and dissipation, was stepping into her coach, she asked a gentleman who was handing her in, what was the meaning of the motto. The motto happened to be *cavendo tutus*, which the other, with a very significant look, explained, *safe, by taking care*. Her Grace was instantly seen to pause for some time, and the day after gave orders for going out of town, where she is at present, and from

from whence it is hoped she will return with a mind fully disposed to put her motto in practice.

Anecdote of Mr. Dunning.

A young man was brought some time ago witness in a cause before Lord Mansfield, in which Mr. Dunning was counsel. When the lad had received the oath, he asked him his name; "Dick Rigby, Sir," answers the boy. "And pray how do you live, Dick?" "Why I live as you do, Mr. Dunning, by my wits." "By your wits! I am surprised how you can live upon so scanty a provision." "And I am surprised, I confess," replies the boy, "to see you look so fat."

When David Garrick first went over to France, he was seen observing with great attention, some children playing in the streets of Calais, when a gentleman accosted him, "What is it that draws your attention thus, David?" "Why," says Garrick, "I am amazed to hear these little things speak the French language with such fluency."

Miss Chudleigh meeting Lord Chesterfield in the rooms of Bath, said, "Do you know, my

my Lord, what the scandalous world says of me? That I have had two children!" "No, no," replies my Lord, "my dear Lady, I make it an invariable rule, never to believe above half what the world says."

Bon-Mot.

Scotchmen are very apt to forget themselves in prosperity, and to grow wanton when they become easy in their circumstances, and cruel and oppressive when invested with authority. One of these national curses walking near some of our public squares with an air of consequential indifference, was almost overturned by a bricklayer, on which he took occasion to observe, that this country was inhabited by nothing but Savages. "You are very right," said a bye-stander, "for the Aborigines are expelled, and we are over-run with the Scotch."

Bon-Mot of the late Bonnel Thornton.

Those in the least acquainted in the literary world, must have known that Bonnel Thornton was a man of wit and humour, and like most men possessed of such talents, fond of sitting up late at night, and consequently

lying late in bed in the morning: and one of those days that he was recovering his last night's debauch, his aunt called to him, and finding him in bed so late, read him a long lecture on dissipation, which she concluded, by assuring him, that such a life would soon shorten his days. "Very true, Madam," says the other, who listened very patiently to her the whole time, "but what is just the same thing, it will lengthen my nights."

Bon-Mot.

On Shakespeare's monument, in Westminster-abbey, is inscribed, *Amor publicus posuit*. Dr. Mead objected to the word *amor*, as not occurring in old classical inscriptions: but Mr. Pope, and the other gentlemen concerned, insisting that it should stand, Dr. Mead yielded the point, saying, *Omnia vincit amor & nos cedamus amori*.

The anecdote was communicated to Mr. Lort, Greek-professor of Cambridge, who had it from Dr. Mead himself.

When General Prescott was stolen from his bed, lulled in the arms of a provincial beauty, who with a patriot spirit had exerted her arts

arts and charms to seduce the soldier and betray him. When the General was brought to the boat, the Serjeant took the blanket from his back, and gave him his cloaths, which after the General had put on, he exclaimed, "But, Serjeant, where is my watch?" To which the Serjeant sarcastically replied, "I believe, General, *you kept no watch.*"

When Captain Morris married Lady Stanhope, sister to Lord Chesterfield, a friend acquainting him with the circumstance, he coolly said, "'Tis well, it will suit both parties; for he wanted a coat, and she a cloak."

A gentleman meeting Foote in his carriage, drawn by four duns, exclaimed, "I am glad to see, Sam, that you drive the duns." Foote answered, "And so am I, for they have driven me a long time."

Anecdote.

Some time ago, the Rev. Mr. Kelly, curate of the English chapel in the town of Ayr, preached from the well-known and beautiful

parab

parable of "the man that fell among thieves." He took occasion to be particularly severe upon the conduct of the priest that saw him, and ministered not unto him, but passed along on the opposite side of the way : in an animated and pathetic pathos, he exclaimed, "What ! Not even the servant of the Almighty ! He whose tongue was engaged in the work of charity, whose bosom was appointed the residence of love, whose heart the emblem of pity, whose soul the brazen serpent of disease, did he refuse to stretch forth his hand, and to pull the mantle from his shoulder, and cover the nakedness of woe ! then, if he refused, if the shepherd went astray, what miracle, if the flock followed ?" Such were the precepts of this teacher ; and we doubt not, but every religious guide would have said the same ; mark, however, the comment upon this text, and let every clergyman consider if he would have impressed with equal force, by example, what he taught by precept. The next day the river was very much swelled ; a boy, in a small boat, was swept overboard by the force of the current, and though a great concourse of people was assembled on the bank, none of them attempted to save him, when Mr. Kelly from his chamber window, which

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over-

over-hung the river, threw himself, dressed as he was in his canonicals, into the current, and, at the hazard of his own life, saved that of the boy.

Anecdote.

Some time ago, a gentleman, and a man of wit, having the misfortune to take up his abode at a spunging-house, like a true philosopher, he endeavoured to make his situation as agreeable as possible; he therefore one day, out of a whim, sent cards of invitation to all the bailiffs who frequented the house, to come and dine with him. They accordingly came, and being in high spirits after dinner, one of them being called upon for a toast, gave, "The d---l ride rough-shod over the rascally part of the creation." When every body was going to drink the toast, the gentleman at the bottom of the table cried out, "Stop, gentlemen, every man fill a bumper."---"Oh, there's no occasion for that," says one of the company; "Yes, but there is," says another, "consider, it's a family toast, and ought to be done justice to."

When

When Goldsmith propos'd to introduce Kelly to Dr. Johnson, the cynic answered him, "Sir, I never wish to be acquainted with a man who has written ten times as much as ever he hath read."

A gentleman who had written many legendary tales, was introduced to Johnson, who, speaking of such species of poetry, said, "It is no more than to say,

I went abroad, I took my stand,

I met my friend upon the strand,

And my friend had his hat in hand.

Such verses as these, Sir, I could write for ever."

Anecdote of the late Henry Fielding, Esq.

It was in vain to tell him, that a particular scene was dangerous, on account of its coarseness, or because it retarded the general business with feeble efforts of wit; he doubted the discernment of his auditors, and so thought himself secured by their stupidity, if not by his own humour and vivacity. A very remarkable instance of his disposition appeared, when the comedy of the Wedding Day was put into rehearsal. An actor, who was principally

cipally concerned in the piece, and though young, was then, by the advantage of happy requisites, an early favourite of the public, told Mr. Fielding, he was apprehensive that the audience would make free with him in a particular passage; adding, that a repulse might so flurry his spirits, as to disconcert him for the rest of the night, and therefore begged that it might be omitted. "No, d---n them," replied the bard, "if the scene is not a good one, let them find that out."--- Accordingly, the play was brought on without alteration, and just as had been foreseen, the disapprobation of the house was provoked at the passage before objected to; and the performer, alarmed and uneasy at the hisses he had met with, retired into the green-room, where the author was indulging his genius, and solacing himself with a bottle of Champagne. He had by this time drank pretty plentifully, and cocking his eye at the actor, while streams of tobacco trickled from the corner of his mouth, "What's the matter, Garrick?" says he, "What are they hissing now?" "Why the scene that I begged you to retrench---I knew it would not do, and they have so frightened me, that I shall not be able to collect myself again the whole night."

"Oh!

"Oh! d---n them," replied the author,
 "they have found it out, have they?"

Mr. P---r, of Drury-lane theatre, was accustomed, when young, to stick up the bills for the playhouse, and his father and younger brother are in the same practice still. Some nights ago at Jupp's,* a gentleman observed, that Mr. P--- was possessed of a great number of jewels, and generally carried several hundred pounds worth about him. "Indeed!" answers a gentleman, "jewels! I remember the time when he carried nothing but paste."

One of the managers of Covent-garden theatre, went to Dijon, to learn riding and French, at fifty years of age. Foote coming there, the manager asked him, if he could put him in a way to attain the language, for that he had tried every method in vain to get it into his head. "Why," says the wit, "there is but one method left; get the last and best edition of Boyer's Dictionary, pound it well in a mortar, mix it up with some mutton broth, and take it every morning as a glister; if you can't get it into your head, get it into your tail."

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Anecd.

* A smoaky house, in a urinary alley, in Bow-street.

Anecdotes.

A noble Lord, who has sometimes patronized men of letters, more from pride than principle, some time since looked in upon a literary gentleman of his acquaintance, who is since dead, who happened to be just sitting down to a woodcock, "What," says his Lordship, "do poets usually sit down to woodcocks?" "Why not," says the poet; "I'm sure nature never intended them for snipes."

The late Earl of Denbigh joined the opposition against Sir Robert Walpole; and so violent was he for the destruction of that minister, that having returned one day from the House of Commons, he suddenly exclaimed, "I have got it! Here it is! I have it in my pocket!" "What have you got?" enquired his Lady. "I have," replied he, "the head of Walpole in my pocket." "Then put it on your own shoulders," said his Lady.

A lady's reproof to a bully.

An officer, who was more remarkable for bragging than courage, said, in an assembly

of ladies, "I will give any body ten guineas that will shew me a maiden in all this company." A young gentlewoman, who was resolved to avenge the affront offered to her and her companions, said smartly, "Sir, I will shew you one for nothing." "I shall be glad," he replied, "to know her." "Look upon your sword, Captain," replied the Lady, "I am sure that is a maiden, for it never shed blood."

A very laughable circumstance.

John the footman courted Mrs. Mary, his lady's waiting-maid, and one night, by an extraordinary kiss or two, coaxed her, when her mistress was in bed, to bring down all the utensils of the upper regions of her lady (except an ounce or two, which could not be so easily conveyed from the head;) the arch rogue had got the scales and weights ready; but as Mrs. Mary now heartily joined in the frolic, she was obliged to borrow a larger pair to contain the whole of the heterogeneous mass; and now they both set to work, to put in methodically the wool, false hair, pads, rolls, long pins and double pins, with a few *et-ceteras*; the whole amounted to two pounds six ounces. But

what with the laughing of John and Mary, the noise of the scales, and it being a very hot evening, a horrid disturbance soon ensued among the thousands of living gentry, who began to make their appearance, and crawl about the two wags, so that Mrs. Mary very expeditiously conveyed the whole composition of wool, false hair, pins and lice, to the bed-chamber of her lady, who was happily fast asleep, so that the laughable incident was never found out, though in the morning her lady enquired the reason of such a number of vermin creeping about the dressing table and room; Mrs. Mary told her, that it had been a very hot night, which always caused such dormant gentry to make their appearance.

Anecdote of Miss Catley.

Some time ago, Dean B---, who is a very exemplary and popular clergyman in Dublin, and who interests himself much in public charities, sent a message to Miss Catley, requesting her to give him a night for that purpose in one of the public gardens. Catley, who is generally good-natured enough not to refuse any act of charity, (though in the pre-

sent case she found, from the variety of her engagements, she could not comply) pretended to understand him in a different light, and in consequence wrote him the following note, which soon found its way into most of the fashionable assemblies about town :

“ Miss Catley presents her compliments to Dean B---, and acquaints him, from the nature of her present connection, she cannot (agreeable to his request) give the Dean a night ; she begs leave, at the same time, to acquaint him, should this connection be dissolved, she does not know any gentleman of the cloth she would sooner indulge, but hopes that decency will prevent the Dean from fixing on a public garden for the rendezvous.”

We hear that Lady B--- is very anxious to have all her running horses entered in her name, in preference to her husband's---Being told of the impropriety of it by a female friend, she pettishly replied, “ Not at all ; why should not I be indulged as well as him ; he never enters any thing for me ?”

L---y P----y was so charmed with the proofs L---d P---y has given in America of his valour, that she has earnestly importuned

her father to bring about an union of the two families, as she is now satisfied that she was mistaken in his Lordship's prowess. The E---l of B---e is as much agog for it as his daughter, and has been heard to say, that his son-in-law was as loyal as a Highlander. This reconciliation is certainly much to be wished for, not only to render the parties happy, but for the national interest; as if any thing can correct the base stock of B---e, it must be a scion from a branch of Hotspur.

Anecdote of the Chevalier D'Eon.

The Chevalier's uncle, on her mother's side, was possessed of a considerable estate, and being an old bachelor, had declared that his fortune should devolve to his nephew, if his sister had a son. Her first child was a daughter, her second the same. She approached that time of life, when she was fearful she should have no more children; and, moreover, her husband died when Miss Beaumont was yet an infant. She resolved to make this second daughter an heir or an heiress; she dressed her like a boy, and as she arrived at maturity, gave her the education of a son. With uncommon natural talents,

Made

ARISTOPHANES. 87

Mademoiselle made a great progress at college, in arms, and every polite accomplishment, her uncle died, and she succeeded to his fortune.

Anecdote of the King of Prussia.

At a general review, a general officer was thrown from his horse; the King, who saw the accident, immediately rode up to the General, and with great politeness said, he hoped he was not much hurt! "Not in the least, Sire," said the officer. "I am glad of it," said his Majesty, "and when I want your further services, you shall hear from me." Had General Prescott been in his Prussian Majesty's service, he probably would have met with the same kind of compliment.

A humorous anecdote.

A young gentleman from one of the Universities, on paying a visit to a lady, a relation of his, in the country, found her in great affliction for the loss of a diamond ring of considerable value. She was certain that some of the servants must have got it, but she knew not against whom the accusation

should be directed. The young gentleman, on hearing the circumstances, undertook the recovery of it, provided the lady would humour the stratagem he proposed to make use of : she readily consented. At dinner, therefore, the conversation turning upon the loss, the scholar boasted so much of his skill in the black art, that she, as they had previously agreed, desired him to exert it for the detection of the persons who had stolen her ring. He promised to make the best exertion of his powers, and after dinner proceeded to business. He ordered a white cock to be procured, (no other colour would do) and a kettle to be placed on a table in the hall. The cock, he told them, was to be put under the kettle ; adding, that all the servants, one after another, were to touch it, and that as soon as the guilty person laid his hand upon it, the cock would crow three times. Every thing being thus prepared with the greatest solemnity, the young gentleman opened the scene. The hall was darkened, and the procession began. As soon as they had each of them declared that they had fulfilled the directions given, and touched the cock, the light was restored, and the gentleman examined the hands of them all : he found them

all

all smutted except those of one servant, who had taken care not to touch the kettle, and was beginning to hug himself for having outwitted the conjurer, who, fixing upon this circumstance, charged him closely with the robbery; as he could not deny it, he fell down on his knees, and asked his lady's pardon, which she granted upon the restoration of her ring.

Anecdote of the late Dr. Goldsmith.

Those in the least acquainted with the private character of the Doctor, knew that œconomy and foresight were not amongst the catalogue of his virtues. In the suite of his pensioners (and he generally enlarged his list as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, of scribbling memory, who had served the Doctor so many tricks, that he despaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a *chef-d'œuvre* once for all. He accordingly called on the Doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made. "How so, Jack?" says the Doctor. "Why," says Jack, "the Duchess of Marlborough, you must know, has long had a strange *penchant* for

for a pair of white mice ; now, as I knew they were sometimes to be had in the East Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine, who was going out then, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finished this account with a transport of joy, he lengthened his visage, by telling the Doctor all was ruined, for without two guineas to buy a cage for the mice, he could not present them. The Doctor unfortunately, as he said himself, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his scheme ; he perceived the Doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and after premising on the indelicacy of the proposal, hinted, that if he could spare that watch for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would repay him with gratitude. The Doctor would not be the means of spoiling a man's fortune for such a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him, which Jack immediately took to the pawnbroker's, raised what he could on it, and never once looked after the Doctor, till he sent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death-

death-bed, which the other, under such a circumstance, very generously sent him.

A clergyman (who was remarkable for his dirty hands) conversing with Foote, was explaining how much he had improved his living, "For," says he, "I have taken all the tythes into my own hands." "Yes," says Foote, "I see you have, Doctor, *and the glebe too.*"

Military anecdotes.

At the siege of Lisle, in Queen Anne's time, upon an attack of some of the outworks, the grenadiers of the 15th regiment of foot were obliged to retire, by the springing of a mine, or by the superiority of the defendants' fire. In this retreat, the lieutenant of these grenadiers, remarkable for his ill-treatment of them, was wounded and fell. The grenadiers were passing on, nor heeded his intreaties to help him off. At last he laid hold of a pair of shoes that were tied to the waist-belt of one of them; the grenadier, regardless of his situation, and in resentment of his former ill-usage, took out a knife from his pocket, with which he cut the string, and left

left them with him, with this remarkable expression ; “ There ! there is a new pair of shoes for you, to carry you to hell.” Had this unhappy man, by his good behaviour, gained the love of his men, every one of them would have, perhaps, risked his own life, to have saved that of his officer.

The soldiers of a certain Scots regiment heard that their lieutenant-colonel was to retire, and that a captain, and not their major, who was their great favourite, was to purchase of him ; they held a consultation amongst themselves, and the result was, a deputation of two or three of them to wait on the major, who in a very respectful manner, begged to know if there was any truth in the report, and why he did not purchase the lieutenant-colonelcy ? He told them, that what they had heard was very true, and that he could not purchase for want of money. They then intreated him to take no steps in the affair, until they had made their report to their comrades, which they immediately did, and by them were ordered to wait again on the major, and to tell him, that the whole regiment was so sensible of his merit as an officer, and had always been so well used by him, that they

they were determined he should not have the mortification of a younger officer coming over him ; they, therefore, earnestly intreated him to make a bargain for the commission in agitation, and they would furnish the money, which they had actually raised among themselves, and which the deputies laid before him at the same time." This singular act of generosity and gratitude did not take place ; for the lieutenant-colonel was either killed or preferred, and the major succeeded him, to the great joy of the whole corps.

A Huguenot soldier, at the battle of Moncontour, believing that he should, in the Chevalier Grillon, destroy one of the great supports of the Catholics, resolved to kill him, to revenge the death of so many Calvinists, to whom the arm of this great warrior had been so fatal. The soldier concealed himself in a place from whence he could put his design in execution, knowing that Grillon, when he returned from the pursuit of the fugitives, must pass that way. The soldier fired, but only wounded him in the arm. Grillon, incensed at this treachery, ran and seized the assassin ; but at the instant his sword was lifted up, the soldier fell at his feet,

feet, and asked his life. "Thank my religion," replied Grillon, "and blush that it is not thine. Go, I grant thee thy life; and could there be any reliance on the word of one who can be a rebel to his king, and equally faithless to religion, I would demand thy promise never again to draw a sword, but in the service of thy lawful sovereign." The foldier, confounded and penetrated at this instance of mercy, solemnly vowed to be no longer of the number of rebels, and to return to the Catholics.

Anecdote.

Some time since, two gambling macaronies had played so long, that one had emptied his pocket and pocket-book to the other; he then proposed to bet his chariot and horses at a moderate sum, which losing, he then offered his wife, but the other rating the value too low, it was settled to stake wife against wife; when after some dispute about age and beauty, the bett was accepted, and determined in favour of the winning gamester, who immediately went with his friend's money, in his friend's chariot, to his friend's wife, to whom he related her husband's ill-fortune, and particularly

ly his imprudence in the last stake. The lady having heard all, said very coolly, she wished his other betts had been as prudently made, for as her consent was necessary to make the last valid, she had the pleasure to inform him, that it was void, and wished him good night.

When Dr. Johnson made the tour of Scotland, Mr. Boswell * took him to the castle-hill at Edinburgh, to shew him the prospect; and while he was expatiating on its beauties, Johnson turned round, and said, "Sir, the best prospect that I behold from this spot is the high road to England."

Conversing one day, at Aberdeen, on the learning of the Scots, he archly observed, that erudition in Scotland was like a town besieged; there was a mouthful for every body, but a belly-full for nobody.

Anecdote of Salvator Rosa.

After a long stay at Rome, Salvator Rosa was seized with a dropfy, and during his illness he married his mistress, a Florentine, by

* Author of the History of Corsica.

whom

whom he had several children. It was with the utmost reluctance he consented to this marriage. He knew that he had shared her favours with several others, the thoughts of which made her at that time the object of his aversion. His friends and his confessor made use of every argument that religion could suggest to remove his disgust to the match. At length one of them said in a heat, "Salvator, if you will not marry her, you cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven." "Well," replied he, "if I cannot get admission into Heaven without being a cuckold, I will marry her."

Singular anecdote of the honour of an English Nobleman.

During Cromwell's protectorship, when it was become dangerous for any body to leave the kingdom without his leave, a young nobleman, entirely in the interest of Charles, came to pay his respects, and obtain leave to go to France. The Protector, with his usual solemnity of countenance, said, "Well, let me see you again in three months; but don't see Charles Stuart," (meaning the banished prince.) "I will not, upon my honour,"

nour," replied the Lord. The nobleman returned before the time of leave expired, and coming to pay his duty, Oliver snatched his hat, the lining of which he tore out, and found several letters and papers directed to the friends of Charles. "Oh, shame!" said he, "is this the way the English nobles keep their honour? Did not you promise me not to see Charles Stuart?" "I never did," said the nobleman. "Then who put out the candle?" replied Oliver. For the Protector had cunningly contrived to put a spy on the nobleman, who told him the manner of their meeting.

-Literary anecdote.

The poem entitled the Essay on Man, is now generally known to have originated from Lord Bolingbroke, who first suggested to Pope the idea of such a poem. The circumstance was as follows: Lord Bolingbroke calling one day on Pope, the poet took occasion to read to his noble friend some parts of a piece which was preparing for the press. Bolingbroke, after hearing it with attention, suddenly exclaimed, "Damn it, Pope, why will you fool away your time and talents in writing for women and children? Write something

fit for men to read." "On what subject?" inquired Pope. "On philosophy," said Bolingbroke. "That is a subject," answered Pope, "with which I am the least acquainted." "I will furnish you," said Bolingbroke, "with a plan in prose, do you make poetry of it." The matter was agreed. Bolingbroke furnished Pope with a series of philosophical essays : Pope supplied the versification ; and to this single circumstance are we indebted for that most elegant Lucretian Essay on Man.

At Covent-garden, a gentleman, who was unhappily situated in one of the side-boxes, behind some ladies with most enormous têtes, was entirely deprived of the pleasure he expected from the performance, as he could not have the least glimpse of it ; thoroughly vexed at the disappointment, he begged to know of the lady who sat immediately before him, how she could think of raising her head so immensely, as she must be sensible, the gentleman who should happen to sit behind her could not see the stage. "Oh, Sir!" answered the Lady, "I love to make the gentlemen stand."

Bon-Mot.

A warm friend to the American war, and to the Adelphian conductors of it, was the other morning, at the Antigallican, running out in praise of the prudent conduct of General Howe, who, by thus saving the blood of his men, he said, deserved to be called the immortal General. "Immortal," echoed a gentleman present; "why immortal?" "Oh, dear Sir," says a wag in the corner, "for the best reason in the world; has not he been this long time in the clouds?"

The celebrated Nan Catley, as famous for her humour as for her voice, arriving in town from Ireland, was sent for by Mr. Garrick, to be engaged at his theatre; but Miss Catley asking a most enormous sum, Mr. Garrick hesitated a while, and then said, there was a circumstance to be considered in so great a salary, for that she might not be able to play the whole season. "Why so, Sir?" says Nan. "Why, Madam," replied the manager, "as you are just come from Ireland, you may, perhaps, be with child. "Oh, no," replied the nymph, "there is no danger of that, for they do it there beyond conception."

Anecdote of a dead Lothario.

In the play of the Fair Penitent, Lothario is killed by Altamont in the fourth act. His corpse is supposed to be exhibited in that dismal scene which opens the fifth act of the play, where poor Calista is surrounded by chafers skulls, bones, and every object that can excite repentance, contrition and horror. The supporting the dignity of this character generally falls to one of the lowest class in the theatre. Booth acted Lothario, and his footman Will was his dead representative. This great actor, who was sometimes subject to absence of mind, remembered when he was undressed, that he wanted his servant to attend him home, and called out loudly, "Will! where are you?" Will heard his master's voice, and answered as loudly, "Here, Sir! I am coming;" and marched off with the shroud upon his back, amidst the loudest applauses that were ever heard in the theatre. Even Mrs. Oldfield, who was the Calista, was insensibly drawn into a smile, and the play ended immediately with repeated bursts of laughter.

When

When Dr. Johnson made the tour of Scotland, he was admitted *speciali gratia* into the fraternity of sages, known at Edinburgh, by the title of the Physico-theological Society. The conversation, as usual, turned on a very abstruse point of metaphysics, viz. "Whether a man would accept of existence by choice? Or whether the Deity, to carry on the present system of things, must not compel him into existence by necessity?" After some hours spent in the most subtle and acute refinements of logic, the whole company turned their eyes on Doctor Johnson, and requested to hear his sentiments. His answer was couched in his usual cynical strain. "For my part, I think the solution of the question ultimately depends on the single circumstance of considering under what denomination of country the *supposed subject* for existence was to be discriminated. If he was to be an Englishman he would exist by choice; but if a Scotchman, by necessity."

The celebrated Mr. Quin, who was a great lover of the John-Dorey, used to go once a year to Plymouth, to regale himself on that fish, and always frequented the Exeter-Arms, then kept by one Herbert, who never failed

to make Quin pay most dearly for his dish; however, when his guest departed, the host always requested to attend him the first stage, which was complied with; and when he was about to take his leave, Quin said, "Mr. Herbert, I have been robbed; what is the road-word, I pray ye?" To which the landlord waggishly answered, "John Dorey, Sir."

Quin, who had quarrelled with Rich, the patentee of Covent-garden theatre, went down in a pet to Bath; but there cooling upon it, and thinking Rich wanted him, he wrote the following laconic letter:

Sir,

I am at Bath,

John Quin.

Which Rich thus answered:

Sir,

Stay there and be damned.

John Rich.

Captain F---lk---r, a man admired by the ladies of the *ton*, and whose acquaintance and company was courted by most, was long ogled in vain by Lady H---, at the expence of the quiet of General C---gf---, Geo. S---n, and Lord B---n---. One day, at a card party,

F---lk---

F---lk---r leaned over her Ladyship's chair, and betted two guineas on the deal, which he lost to Lady H---; upon which, she, with much amorous courtesy, took up the guineas again, and said, "F---lk---r, take them." "No," says he, "my Lady, I must beg to be excused, that is not my price."

A low comedian standing behind the scenes while Mr. Garrick was performing Richard, he kept exclaiming, "Do you call this acting? Let him give me his eyes, and damn me but I'll play with him for his patent."

Lord Lyttelton was complaining with a great degree of petulance, at the regatta, at Ranelagh, on such a great number of people having got in; "Your complaint is very true," says a gentleman by him, "but does not your Lordship think that there is a greater number taken in?"

A gentleman asked Dr. Johnson his opinion of M^r Pherson's poem of *Fingal*; and whether there were *many* in these kingdoms that could produce such another? "Yes," replied the Doctor, "many men, many women, and many children."

The present Lady Egremont, who is married to Count Bruhl, was admonishing her son, the present Lord, for his attachment to Madame Du Tois ; “ If it is a crime, pardon me, Madam,” replied my Lord, “ *mais je me brûle d’amour.*”

Foote being asked, what he thought of Sir Basil Keith’s appointment to Jamaica, “ I think,” says he, “ that the Irish take us all in, and the Scots turn us all out.”

A gentleman was relating to Lord Chesterfield, a quarrel between Miss Pelham and Mrs. Fitzroy, and that the latter had given the former a blow. “ Ah,” says his Lordship, “ it only confirms an old opinion of mine, that Mrs. Fitzroy was ever a striking beauty.”

Mr. Churchill, who was remarkable for his generosity, was walking with a friend across Kew-green, when a beggar asked his charity, Churchill gave him a guinea. The friend rebuked him for being so lavish, as he knew he was not possessed of another ; when the bard replied, “ When I do give any thing, I like to make the human heart leap for joy.”

Mr.

Mr. P---v---s, the old page, had frequently invited Mr. Foote to dine at St. James's; at last, Foote accepted the invitation. Being seated at table, he was given to understand, that part of a German boar was ordered by his M----- for their table; this generous circumstance made Mr. P---s expatiate thus on the great condescension and amiable affability of the K---. "O, Mr. Foute, sa Majesté dis without exception one of de most bestest prince in all Europe. He be so kind, so condescending! He say, Mr. P---s, will you do me de grand plaisir to invite à votre table Mr. Foute? I do say, Votre Majesté is so obliging and so condescend---He say, Poh, poh, Mr. P---s, do you ask Mr. Foute! I do say, Very good, your Majesté. (O, Mr. Foute, he be the bestest prince in all Europe!) His Majesté send dis fine boar Germain from his own table. Is it not de fine boar, Mr. Foute? Oh, sa Majesté be de bestest prince in all Europe!"

Tes, replied Foote, it is a very fine boar, and excellently dressed, when we consider how much you have been out of practice in the King's kitchen. "Oh, Mr. Foute, you be so comme-keel, you be so clever, dere is no saying de word, but you do make de laugh! Oh, Mr. Foute!

Foute, you have no conception of de genteel and de affabilité of sa Majesté. He do say to me, après dinner, Mr. P---s, have you tak the cassée since you dine? I say, No, please your Majesté. Den he do say, I will pour the cassée moi-même. I do say, Bien obligé. O he be de bestest prince in all Europe. He do den tak de tetons, and he puttée in de sugar, de cream, and he do stirrée de cassée about, and den he do say, Mr. P---s, dis be bon cassée. Oh! sa Majesté, Mr. Foute, he be de best prince! Oh! he be so condescend---He do admit de tradesmen behind de chair, when he do dine, and dey do telle de story, and his Majesté do laugh so, it do give plaisir to all de court!" "But, Sir, do they not sometimes improperly ask favours, or mention subjects of a public nature?" "Non, non, non, Mr. Foute; we do tell dem, before dey do approach de presence, dat dey must not ask de faveur, nor talk of de affairs of de state, for de world." "Very true," says Foote; "upon my word, I did not think you were so prudent, or so well amused at court."

Foote going to Dublin, took a place in the Chester-fly, in which were many passengers
unknown

unknown to him, and one who wore a mask the whole journey. The coachman, not attentive to the road, overset the carriage, when the masked lady was turned topsy-turvy, and her *latter end* coming directly in Foote's face, he cried out, "God blefs me, is it you, my dear Mrs. A--- ! I really did not know you *before*."

Fisher, the manager of an itinerant company of players, came from Ireland to Campbell-town, in the Highlands of Scotland, where they performed the *Beggar's Opera*: but when Lucy was going to present Polly with a glass of strong waters, Mr. Dunkinson, the collector of the place, rose hastily, and cried out with great vehemence, "Do not tak it, lassie, its rank poison !"

A gentleman passing on the road with another, who detested a pun, was resolved to mortify him on the first occasion ; at length a baker's horse presented itself, loaded with bread. "Pray, my friend," says he, "are you not a judge of horses ?" "Yes," says he, "much so." "Well then, don't you think that horse has a deal of blood about him ?" "What, the baker's horse ! Zounds, no---
how

how came you to think of that?" "Why," adds the other, "surely, in spite of your knowledge, he is a very well bred horse."

When the Russian fleet lay at Spithead, the Duke of Cumberland then commanded the *Venus*, and took occasion to wait on the Russian admiral. After he had paid his visit, he was laughing at the absurdity of their sailors wearing of boots; and turning to one of his own tars, he said, "Do you think, shipmate, that the *Venus* could beat that ship we came from?" "Ay, Master," answers the Jack, "before they could get their boots off."

In the reign of George the Second, the Duchess of Kingston, then Miss Chudleigh, appeared at the masquerade, in a gauze dress, in the character of Iphigenia; the King, in a domino, came up to her, and putting his hand upon her bosom, said, "Indeed, Madam, this is a very soft place." "May be so," replied she; and taking him by the hand, she placed his own hand on his head, adding, "but this, Sir, is a softer place."

The

The late Lord Granby was every morning tormented by two Jews crying old cloaths under his chamber-window, and though by his orders, his servants had repeatedly warned them not to do so, nevertheless the reproof had no effect; he therefore desired, the next time they came, that they might be brought to him; accordingly, the Israelites appeared, when he locked the door, and drew his broad sword, swearing he would put one of them to death, if he did not sh--- in the corner of the room: the fellow hesitated to obey this indecent command, when his companion kept repeatedly soliciting, him to sh--- a little bit, for the sake of the great God. At last, the business was done; and his Lordship then commanded the other to eat it; which he refusing, he in apparent fury pretended he would slay him---to save his life, the fellow who had made his diet, kept saying, "Do eat, Isaacs, a little bit, for the sake of the great Gods."

Lord P---, who was overbearing in company, had frequently offended Captain P---, who was resolved to have his Lordship out; he therefore got him in his carriage, to attend him to Hyde-park, and just as they were going to pass the gate, he saw a hearse and

and four, and called earnestly to the driver; my Lord was very anxious to know his business, which he answered with some indifference, saying to the fellow, "Wait here ten minutes, and I will give you a fare." Upon which my Lord burst out of the coach, and ran up Piccadilly, and Captain P--- after him.

A very ugly, rude, ignorant, disagreeable fellow being in company with some people of an opposite disposition and appearance, and he leaving them abruptly, one with much calmness observed, he was very like Shakespeare. "Shakespeare!" cried the company in amazement! "He, a wretch, like Shakespeare! Pray, Sir, how? explain yourself." "So I will, if you will be less violent; he is thus like Shakespeare, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

A gentleman was telling his friends a story of his going a passenger to the West Indies, and of his repeatedly expressing a great aversion to the charcoal ladies; "However," says he, "I was made very drunk one night, and an ebon beauty was put to bed to me. When I waked in the morning, I was greatly astonished,

nished, and cried with much surprize, Who is this? 'Tis I, Mynee, replied the black beauty. "And what did you do then?" says the company. "Why," says he, "I lamented the loss of rosy cheeks, and went into mourning."

Mr. Clough, the comedian, was strangely entertained with all public executions, in so much, that he never missed one for thirty-six years. When the famous, infamous Sixteen-string Jack was hanged, the confessed Macheath of that period, the hero of the road was in high expectation of a reprieve, and while they were knocking off his irons in the press-yard, a chair was discovered coming through the crowd in great haste; this flattered his friends, and the mob gave way, for the readier arrival of the hoped-for news. When the chair opened, it shewed Clough, wrapped up in a blanket, from a sick-bed, who exclaimed, with a weak voice, "How much am I disappointed, that his irons were knocked off before I came."

A sailor coming across Blackheath one evening, was stopped by a footpad, who demanded his money, when a scuffle ensuing, the tar took

took the robber, who meeting some people, they persuaded him to bear away with his prize to the justice of peace at Woolwich, which the tar did; and when the magistrate came to examine into the assault, he said, he must take his oath, that he put him in bodily fear, otherwise he could not commit the man. The sailor looking stedfastly at the justice, answered, "He, damn him, he put me in bodily fear! No; nor any that yet lived: therefore, if that is to be the case, you may let him go, for damn me if I swear to such a lie."

The last season of Mr. G----- performing, he played rather longer than his usual time, to gratify the earnest desires of his many friends, which prevented Foote opening his theatre so soon as he intended. A gentleman taking notice of this, Foote answered, with a heroic laugh, "Yes; the little fellow would play in a tavern-kitchen through the dog-days, for a sop in the pan."

A certain lady, was cook to Foote, and he took her from the kitchen to the parlour. After her marriage, he frequently enquired
about

about her ; by saying, “ Well, how is Nanny ? I spoiled a good cook when I made her a gentlewoman ; ’twas I that raised her from the dripping-pan to the drawing-room.”

When Lord Hume commanded the garrison of Gibraltar, the cruizers of Algiers had carried many English vessels into that port ; expostulations had passed in vain on the part of the English. At length his Excellency sent Mr. Keppel, to inform the Dey, that unless he made immediate restitution of his captures, he would burn the place. “ Pray,” says the Dey, “ what would it cost the English to execute such a plan ? ” “ Why,” says Mr. Keppel, “ about 60,000*l*.” “ That is a great deal of money,” says the Dey ; “ then give my compliments, Sir, to the Governor, and to save him a deal of pains and trouble, tell him, for half the money I’ll burn the town myself.”

Mr. Heartree, the comedian, a man of humour and high integrity, was one day relating his travels into Holland, and was particularly describing Dutch cleanliness. Says he, “ I was invited to a merchant’s house to dinner,

and after he had dined, pipes and tobacco were brought, and seeing the room prodigious clean, I was in pain for the want of boxes to spit in, as we had not the convenience of a fire-place. At length, we had not long smoked, before it was necessary to spit, and the master of the house spit into his neighbour's mouth, which he put about, and the man next the window gave the contents into the street."

Mr. George Selwyn, who is as much celebrated for his wit, as for his extraordinary passion of seeing public executions, laid a wager, that he would not attend the hanging of the two Perreaus. The wager being considerable, a very good look-out was kept to detect him, at length no person could discover him, and the wager was just yielded as lost, when an old woman in a straw hat, on a white horse, was seen close to the gallows, and at a nearer ken, it was found to be the identical humourist, who could not resist this high Tyburn entertainment.

The late Captain Patrick Beard, of the navy, a man as celebrated for humour and wit, as for his classic learning, who had experienced

a va-

a variety of vicissitudes of life, and acted in the capacity of sailor, priest of the Roman church, pilgrim, &c. was commanded to the coast of Guinea, where he visited all the black princes with presents from the Crown; among the rest, King Tom, of Anamaboo: but when introduced to his Majesty, he found him seated cross-leg on a throne of mud, surrounded with half-naked nobles, with a laced coat on, without shirt or breeches, and a dirty red night-cap on his head. Captain Beard wore a full-powdered wig, and when introduced to the King, his Majesty rose, shook his head, spluttered some strange jargon, and threw the greasy cap in his face; Mr. Beard, a little surprized at the oddity of this salute, after recollection, spluttered again in a similar jargon, and dashed his great white wig in the black fellow's face. This set them all a laughing, and made him and King Tom the best friends.

The same officer, in the action of Quiberon-bay, (in which he behaved with most intrepid gallantry) lost his finger, when he humourously walked up and down the deck, saying, "Damn the French rascals, I'll be up with them; though they have

spoiled me for playing the flute, I have plenty of fingers left to draw a trigger."

His people once wrote a *round-robbin* against him to the admiralty, which gave him some uneasiness; at length he was suspicious of its being set on foot by the parson, and in a great hurry, he went on board the Royal George, to Sir Edward Hawke; when he entered the great cabin, he was so full of the discovery, that he danced up and down the cabin in great spirits, saying, "I have it, Sir Edward, I have it; 'tis the son of a whore of a priest: but, d---n him, he shall never preach again; his sermons have spoiled my people, a son of a whore of a priest."

Anecdote of General Lee.

During the time of the attack on Sullivan's island, General Lee was one day reconnoitring the communication made by the bridge of boats between that place and the continent. As the balls whistled about in abundance, he observed one of his aid-de-camps, a very young man, shrink every now and then, and by the motion of his body, wished to evade, if possible, the shot. "'Sdeath, Sir," cried Lee, "what

"what do you mean? Do you dodge? Do you know that the King of Prussia lost above a hundred aid-de-camps in one campaign?" "So I understand, Sir," replied the young officer, "but I did not think you could spare so many."

Foote being one day on the river Avon with a party of ladies and gentlemen, and the boat being ordered to a particular place, where the wit happened to owe a sum of money, he said, he had a particular aversion to that place; the company, however, were all bent upon going thither: Foote remonstrated; the company laughed at him. "Well," said he, "since you have your humour, now let me have mine." Accordingly, stripping himself almost naked, to "salute," he said, "the Naiades of the Avon," the company gladly agreed to change their course, and to steer to another place.

Mr. Foote dining one day at the mayor's feast at Evesham, in Worcestershire, with the late Sir John Rushout, member for that place, Mr. Mayor, who was a very vain man, was telling Sir John, that his wife, from her natural delicacy, had caught a cold.

"I am sorry for it," said Sir John : "And so am I, with all my soul," said Foote ; " for I assure you, Sir John, Mrs. Mayorefs is a very delicate lady ; I caught her at breakfast this morning upon leek-porridge, and her breath stunk like a pole-cat."

Lady Dinely of Charlton, who had a fine ruby countenance, once charged a female servant with stealing some of her jewels. Foote, who happened to be present, said, "I believe the girl is innocent." "Innocent !" exclaimed Lady Dinely, "I am sure she is guilty by her blushing." "Blushing !" says Foote, "poh ! 'tis only the reflection of your Ladyship's face."

Dr. B---, just after he had finished a treatise on a particular subject, said to Mr. Foote, "I want to publish this treatise of mine, but have already too many irons in the fire ; what would you have me do, Sam ?" "Do !" replied Foote, why throw your treatise into the fire with you irons, for d---n me if they are fit for any thing else."

The play of Tamerlane is usually performed in honour of the late King William. Some
time

time since, Foote and G---k being in company, the latter expatiated with great eloquence upon the merit of the piece, and declared it contained three of the best acting characters (*viz.* Tamerlane, Bajazet, and Moneses) upon the stage. "I am certain," said the humourist, "you think no such thing." "Indeed I do," rejoined Garrick: "your reason for supposing the contrary?" "Oh, I'll give you a most convincing one," replied Foote: "if you had believed there had been even the ghost of a good part in the performance, you would have played it long ago yourself."

A person said, he had heard that the Queen was brought to bed of twins. "That's impossible," replied a bye-stander, for if it was so, we should have had it in last night's Gazette." "The Gazette!" answered the other, "that takes notice of nothing but miscarriages."

A gentleman was observing, that it was hard that Mr. Wilkes should go unrewarded, after having served a long apprenticeship to patriotism. "True," said another; "but he is now out of his time."

Anecdote of King Charles the Second and Doctor Stillingfleet.

When the celebrated Dr. Stillingfleet preached at court before King Charles the Second, he always read his sermon, though it is well known, that elsewhere he preached extempore. The King, after thanking him one day for his excellent discourse, asked the reason why he made such a distinction between the court and his own parishioners, as to preach to the latter without book, and to read his sermon to the former. "And may it please your Majesty," said the Doctor, "when I am in the royal chapel, I find myself in another world; I have the eyes of your Majesty, and of all the lords and ladies of the court upon me, and it becomes me to weigh every word I utter. And now shall I beg your Majesty to answer me a question?" "With all my heart," said the Monarch. "Your Majesty's speeches are very short, and yet you always read them, and never take your eyes off the paper till you have finished: pray tell me your reasons." "Why, my good Doctor," said the King, "I never make a speech to my people without asking them for money, and I am ashamed to look them in the face."

A gen-

A gentleman being long confined to his bed by a very severe fit of the gout the sweepers were employed to clean the chimnies of the house next to him, and one of the boys by mistake came down into the gentleman's apartment. The boy confused at this mistake, seeing the gentleman in bed, said, "Sir, my master will come to you presently." "Will he, by G---!" says the gentleman, leaping out of bed; "I beg to be excused staying here any longer then."

Foote called upon Lord Mansfield one day, with whom he was very intimate, and told his Lordship, he had just been in company with Wilkes, who had been both witty and abusive on the whole body of the law, ridiculing their dull gravity, and their illiterate tautology. "Ay," says my Lord, "he is an abandoned, flagitious, contemptible fellow, and a disgrace to humanity and society." "But," says Foote, "my Lord, he said that your Lordship was an exception, that you were a man of oratory, erudition, and a most complete gentleman." "Well, Foote," answered his Lordship, "you know I have often said, in spite of the cry of the world, **that**

that Wilkes was a discerning, sensible, witty fellow."

A celebrated fat witty flutterer, as remarkable for his generosity as his flesh, who is always attended in his amours by a great dog, repaired to a young Jewess one evening, and like a second facetious Falstaff, while he embraced his *Doll Tearsheet*, he entertained her with his pleasantries; however, in the performance of those cupidinous ceremonies, which all men attempt, and which all ladies submit to, the bed broke down, the Jordan smashed, the dog howled, the lady squeaked, and the fat knight disengaged himself with some difficulty, saying, "What accidents happen between the cup and the lip!"

Macklin, some years ago, took a comedy to Quin, to have his approbation; after he had left it with him a sufficient time for the perusal, he called to know his opinion; "Let it stay longer," says Quin. A season elapsed, and he called again, and still he received the same reply. At length his patience being worn out, he called the second season, and received still the same answer of "Let it stay longer," when Macklin being out of all patience,

tience, said, "Pope Quin, how long wouldst thou have it stay?" "Says Quin, "To the last day; and then, you and your comedy may both be d---d together."

In the year 1777, after a long report of a victory obtained by Sir W. Howe over the Fabian general Washington; among the rest of the dispatches, one was said to have come in the *Isis*, that was spoke with at sea: but this ship not coming in according to expectation, Mr. Rigby took occasion to observe to Lord Germaine, that he hoped the news was true, as he had a confirmation of the *Isis* being arrived in the *Thames*. "Aye!" says my Lord, exulting, "when and where?" "Why, my Lord," answers the other, "above Oxford."

Mr. Charles Fox had a room in his house, called the Jerusalem-chamber, where the various Jews he employed used to be put. He one day convened a whole synagogue, to communicate a state of his affairs, which he was desirous of settling, and bade them fix a day, which they out of politeness declined, and left it to him. "Well then," says he, "Gentlemen of Judea, let it be on the day of judgment; no, upon second thoughts, that will be

be rather a day of two much hurry, and so let it be postponed to the day following."

Mr. Henry Green, a witty purser of the navy, was one day walking the dock-yard, when a stranger came up and asked, if his name was not Harry Green? "Yes," says he. "The other replied, "I am a relation." "How so?" "Because my name's Harry Green." No," says the purser, "I'm sure 'tis not." "Why, what is it then?" says the man. "*Why Green Harry.*"

A captain of the navy repeating the following line to Lord Sandwich at the naval review, his Lordship asked a translation.

"*Do tibi naumachiam---tu das epigrammata nobis.*"

My Lord, you give a fight in sham,
A Spithead fight, not worth a damn,
And there, my Lord's, my epigram."

Lord S--- asked the same sea-wag, if the general cannonading did not put him in mind of hell. "Indeed, my Lord," say he, "I know the country but by tradition, yet I think it like, and your Lordship much resembles the devil in the midst of it."

Elegant

Elegant Bon-Mot of Lady Bridget Tollemache.

When Lady Bridget Lane married the Hon. Captain Tollemache, who was then a lieutenant in the navy on half-pay, she waited on Lord Sandwich, to solicit his Lordship to give her husband promotion. "God bless me, my Lady," says Lord Sandwich, "can your Ladyship think of parting with so young a husband so soon?" Oh, my Lord," she replied, "Fame is Mr. Tollemache's * mistress, and I am but his wife!"

When the late Lord Northington was alive, he wore the Tyburn-bob wigs, and being very lusty, and sweating much, he used often to change them; coming into the house one day, where a female visitor was sitting, he called to the servant, "Bring me what the ladies don't like." "What's that?" says the lady, repeating it several times. "Why, Madam," says my Lord, "if you must know, it is a dry-bob----wig."

A naval captain having killed a gentleman in a duel, in Jamaica, in consequence of a

* This gentleman in 1777 was killed by Mr. Pennington, in a duel at New-York; the latter having given Captain Tollemache offence by writing a sonnet of some ridicule on his lady.

quarrel at gaming, he left the company, fought and returned again, saying to the waiter, "If you don't bury that gentleman behind the house, he'll stink."

When Lord Anson beat the French, in the celebrated battle of the *May-fleet*, Sir P. Dennis commanded the Centurion, and after the engagement he took the *Glory* prize in tow, on which the captain of her made this observation, *Monsieur, vous avez gagné la victoire, & la Gloire vous suit.*"

Foote being at a masquerade, was standing near a lady of easy virtue, who having drank too much wine, fell flat upon her back. Foote, with much politeness, went to raise her up; but the lady not showing much alacrity or inclination to rise, the wag added, "Lie still, Miss, practice makes perfect."

Mr. Q---m, a man of lively parts, and festive disposition, improved his mouth by a set of white teeth, at the easy rate of sixty guineas. One evening he was in high spirits, and by some unlucky accident, swallowed the ivory ornaments; however, by an attention below stairs, they were recovered, cleaned, and

and restored to their former situation. This anecdote Chace Price used to tell of Mr. Q---m with much pleasantry, *and*, said he, *bating the unfortunate situation his teeth were in, you might converse with him extremely well, if you did not come to a close whisper.*

A gentleman one night at the theatre in Drury-lane, was enquiring of another, where the respective boxes were of each manager; which being told, and the person forgetting that of the œconomical Doctor, said, "But which is Doctor Ford's?" "Oh, d---n it," says he, "why the candle-box to be sure!"

Anecdote of Serjeant G---n, who is remarkable for being absent.

When Mr. G---n lived in the Temple, he had some suspicions of the honesty of his laundress, having missed some of his linen, which he could not account for. After examining her, and not being satisfied, he had her before the bench, and there the Serjeant made it plainly appear he had lost three shirts. The bench went into a very strict examination of the circumstances, but did not discover a sufficient plea to commit the woman. At length the

Ser-

Serjeant was asked, if he had shifted himself as on this day? he replied, "Yes, and the day before, and the day preceding that." "Well, Sir, and when you shifted yourself, do you recollect where you put your dirty linen?" The Serjeant paused, and could not recollect. "Pray Sir," says one of the bench, "will you be so obliging as to see what linen you have on?" He did; and to his unspeakable surprize, found that he had four shirts upon his back.

A minor dramatic author of some reputation, wrote a prologue for the charity of the Middlesex-hospital, and while the player was speaking it to the audience, he was walking up and down the lobby in some agitation. In this situation a friend interrupted him, by saying, "Why so pensive, Tom? What's the matter?" "Oh," says he, "let me alone; at this instant I am losing my maidenhead." "Aye," says his friend, "*if that is the case, there is no fear of a clap.*"

A milk and water non-entity of a character, used to amuse himself in walking round the town, to see what houses had hatchments up, and whose knockers were tied up. Meeting

ing an acquaintance, he told him his morning's excursion, and whose were tied up. Says he, "Poor Mrs. Frazer's, and Lady B----t Toll-----'s knockers are both tied up." "True," answered his friend, "it is an invariable case, when a young lady's husband is dead to have her knocker tied."

A little before the late Lord Tyrawley died, he was lamenting to my Lord Chesterfield, that he had not regretted leaving the world at any other period so much as this. "Why so?" says Lord Chesterfield. "Because, my dear Lord," answers Tyrawley, "the new pavement hath made intriguing so easy, and inoculation hath so improved the beauty of the women, that to leave these happy certainties for those distant uncertainties, puzzles the will, and makes me hate the very idea of dying."

When Lord Tyrawley left Gibraltar, as governor of the garrison, he went away early in the morning, to avoid the disagreeable ceremony of taking leave. After he had got into the boat, a gentleman came up to him, and asked his Lordship, what he should say to the gentlemen of the garrison. "Oh,"

K

replied

replied my Lord, "say any thing by way of compliment." "And what to the ladies, my Lord?" "Oh, bid them kiss my a---." "Something else, I hope, to Mrs. D---s, my Lord?" "Oh, yes," says his Lordship, "now I recollect, I'll excuse her, as she is not tall enough."

Anecdote of Count De Lippe.

The Count De Lippe, who is a great soldier, and who commanded in Portugal, the last war with Spain, was bred in the foot-guards; and when young, and an ensign, unfledged in prudence and other manly requisites, he was coming down Shooter's-hill with another officer in a phaeton, and going rapidly down, the Count expressed some surprize, which the officer hastily took up, saying, "D---n it, are you afraid, Count?" On which De Lippe, with great composure, took out his pen-knife, and cut the reins, when they were both thrown out, and the officer had his thigh broke.

A gentleman who was very tall, walking close to the girandole in a drawing-room, his hair was near taking the candle; when a lady observing

observing it, called out, "Sir, you will burn your hair!" To which he replied with great gravity, "I thank you, Madam, your attention has saved me from being light-headed."

When Mossop, the tragedian, died, his circumstances were in a reduced state, and on examining his breeches, a penny was only found in his pocket. This particular a gentleman was relating with some emotions of distress and pity to Foote, when the wag replied, "Why, Sir, you can't say then, that he died *pennyless*."

Mr. Garrick and Gen. Brudnell were driven to town in a phaeton by another gentleman, who came with amazing rapidity; Gen. Brudnell rode in the middle, and when they alighted, they began to compare notes on their danger and their friend's driving, when Garrick said, "General, was you not much frightened?" "No, no," says he, "not as General, but dreadfully so as *Bodkin*."

When the club of the *f, avoir-vivre* gave a *regatta* at Renalagh, a temple was erected in the garden in honour of Neptune, with a number of various-coloured streamers hanging

from the roof of it. When Foote came in, and saw these pendants, "Oh," says he, "this explains to me the etymology of the word, I find it is *ragg-at-a*."

Anecdote of Wilkes and Churchill.

Mr. Wilkes and Churchill were invited by the Earl of Temple to Stow; when they came there, some of the company insinuated, that the dairy-maid was one of the greatest beauties of the country. Churchill hearing this, was so impatient to see her, that he left the table before the dinner was over, and returned with his wig pulled all to pieces, and his fat cheeks flapped in such a manner, that they were as red as bull beef. His Lordship knowing the humour of the wench, winked to Churchill not to say any thing, which he readily taking, whispered to Wilkes, that he had seen her, and she would easily comply with his desires, being an amazing fine girl. Wilkes sat very uneasy; at last he rose and hastened to the dairy, and from Churchill's recommendation, he began to be very familiar with her at once; this exasperated the maiden, and she beat poor Wilkes in such a manner, that when he returned to the company,

pany, his disheveled locks confessed the engagement he had been in. Though this girl was assailed by every young nobleman who came to Stowe, yet she resisted all their bribes and importunities, and at last bore a bastard child to the helper of the stables, who had but one eye and one leg.

Jemmy Twitcher and Miss Ray having a love quarrel, upon her soliciting a pension on the Irish establishment, which he refused; one word created another, till at last, he, losing all patience, called her mother an old dirty washerwoman. "Very well," says Miss Ray, "I allow it: but if she is a *washerwoman*, you cannot deny that you and your brother ministers are not *manglers*."

Anecdote of the celebrated physician Dr. Thompson.

Thompson was very intimate with Lord Melcome, and as a physician, was an avowed enemy to *muffins*, which he had ever forbid in his Lordship's house. Paul Whitehead, and other facetious wits, breakfasting one morning with his Lordship, a large plate of muffins was ordered to be toasted, and piled up in the Doctor's view when he came

to the table. The Doctor as a man of genius was a strange oddity; he never changed a garment, but wore it out before he replaced it with a new one, by which means his garb was slovenly, and often not decent. When he came into the room, he immediately exclaimed against the muffins. Says he, "My Lord, why will you have them, when you know what an enemy I am to such trash?" "Zounds!" says my Lord, "you are not more so than I am---*I hate all muffins and raggamuffins too.*"

A gentleman walking out one frosty morning, got a violent fall at the door of a house. Telling this circumstance to a friend, he said, he was near being killed by a *scraper*. "How so?" says he; did Mr. Fisher attack you?

A whimsical, funny old fellow used to often rail at the very long pompous epitaphs placed over the bodies of unworthy men; he therefore ordered his grave to be covered with briars and nettles, and only one word marked on the stone by way of epitaph. After he had been buried some years, the briars were dug up to clear

clear the ground, when the stone was discovered with the word "Snug."

Anecdote of Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

Notwithstanding Lord Rochester was the most debauched and impudent nobleman of his time, and though he had even exhibited as a mountebank upon Tower-hill, yet he had not confidence sufficient to speak in the House of Peers. One day making an attempt to speak, he gave a true picture of this *mauvais honte*. Says he, "My lords and gentlemen, I rise this time---My lords and gentlemen, I mean to divide this discourse into four branches---My lords and gentlemen, if I ever attempt to branch in this place again, I'll give ye leave to cut me off root and branch for ever;" and he sat down.

An insignificant Irish merchant at Belfast, more famed for his low cunning than his wit, had a picture, representing all his children; this groupe he shewed to every stranger that visited him: but one gentleman more observing than the rest, said, "I perceive, Sir, there are seven children on the canvass; and I think you have but six; besides, there is

one grasping at a coronet, that appears to be younger than any you have." "By Jafus, Sir," says the Irishman, "that is true; and the little fellow with the coronet I mean for a lord; but he is not yet born."

Two Irish chairmen standing at the St. James's coffee-house, one of the foot-guards running across the way, dropped his handkerchief, when they called to the fellow to inform him to take it up, and said, that it was very well; but if he had dropped it at *Bunker's-bill*, he would have left it for the Yankies to pick up.

When Miss Catley first returned from Ireland, every body was amazed at the improvement of her voice; and among a variety of compliments, one gentleman peremptorily asked her, what had she met in Ireland, that occasioned such an alteration for the better? To which Catley answered with great gravity, that upon her first landing in that kingdom, she was bored through with one of their gimblets, which had cleared the passages of all obstructions, and consequently improved her voice."

Foote attending the House of Commons, a gentleman who sat next to him asked him in the debates, if Colonel Barré did not speak like an angel? "Yes," says Foote, "very much like an angel; for he talks as if the devil was in him."

One Brown, who kept the Red-lion at Gosport, was a forward, impertinent fellow. A gentleman of the navy expressing a desire to shoot, Brown offered to procure him liberty, and therefore wrote the following card: Captain Foster makes his compliments to Mr. Rickman, and he will do himself the pleasure of shooting on his estate to-morrow, *with self*.

Answer.

Mr. Rickman's compliments to Captain Foster, and he will be glad of his company to shoot and dine with him: but if *Self* comes, by G--- he'll break his bones.

Captain Watson of the navy, who was a man of a very flighty turn of mind, had occasion to attend the admiralty, and the office of Mr. Alcock, who was fullen and very inattentive. Watson speaking to him two or three times, and he not attending to him, but writing

writing on, the Captain gave him a shove on the head, which striking his nose against the desk made it bleed. Alcock in his rage ran to the lords at the board all bloody; when Watson was ordered in, and receiving a rebuff for his behaviour, said in his defence, that he thought the clerk was asleep, so gently waked him, that he might not neglect their Lordships' business.

Captain Jasper, who was a great spend-thrift, and a most capricious character, used to take exceptions to men on their looks. One Clive of the navy dining where he was, and being a meagre man, of an unwholesome aspect, gave great offence to Jasper's feelings, who had many times expressed his dislike to him, which the company had prevented reaching his ears. At length growing more warm with liquor, and the company off their guard, he broke out with an oath, saying, "By G---, Sir, if you don't contrive to bring a better face into company, it is impossible that I can bear to look at you with any degree of patience."

Upon a sudden naval armament, a number of sea-captains went to St. James's;
Lady

Lady Bridget Lane seeing them, cried out, "Bless me, there must be a great deal of carrion abroad, for all the crows have got together."

A gentleman who had two handsome, pleasant daughters, invited a great company, and before they came he explained their different characters; among them was a man with an enormous nose, which he cautioned them not to notice. This caution tickled the fancies of the ladies; however, at table they behaved with great reserve, till one of them having occasion for a potatoe, and the dish standing by this gentleman, she, through her great caution, said, "Sir, I shall be obliged to you for a nose."

The late Duke of Montague was a man of great pleasantry, and he used frequently to invite companies who were peculiar in their defects: as men who all squinted, who had all large noses, or any other similar misfortune. One day he invited the mayor and aldermen of Windsor to dine with him, and before dinner he took them in his boat on the water, and when in the middle, he pretended they had neglected to put in the plug, for
want

want of which the boat sunk, and left the whole corporation to dash through the mud, and splash to shore. When landed, they all made a thousand apologies for their dresses, and solicited much to go home to change their apparel : but this the Duke would not hear, as his joke was not finished, and he had already prepared them dresses, in consequence of their ducking ; he therefore insisted on their going into the house, and there they were dressed in the coronation robes of the family ; and thus the brewer, the baker, and the taylor sat down to dinner with his Grace, who made them confoundedly drunk, and sent them home to their ladies in their royal habiliments.

Captain Montague of the navy, the Duke's brother, who was always distinguished by the epithet *mad*, got into a scrape at New-York on the sabbath, for which the mayor, without regard to his rank, put him in the stocks ; this Montague bore with a degree of pleasantry ; and some months afterwards he invited the corporation to dine on board his ship, where he entertained them sumptuously ; just as they were going to leave him, "Stay a moment, gentlemen," says he, "there is a little

a little account to be settled between us."--- Upon that he ordered them all to the gangway, and gave them a dozen a-piece.

Captain Bob Faulkner, who married the regal Miss Ash, had spent three fortunes in his life-time to the amount of 150,000*l*. A brother sailor calling on him one morning to borrow some cash, he took a blue worsted stocking full out of his chest, and said, "There, Jack, take a handful, and pay me when you can."

When Mrs. Macaulay was writing her republican history of England, she frequently attended at the Museum, to examine the manuscripts of that collection, where she was accompanied by some of the old sages of the age. One of these old gentlemen forgetting his company, retired into a corner for his occasions, when somebody suddenly discovering some curious anecdote, the Doctor ran back to the table before he had composed his affairs, when suddenly seeing Mrs. Macaulay, he begged pardon for his indiscretion; to which she, taking snuff, replied, "*Never mind it, Doctor; an author is of no sex.*"

Mrs.

Mrs. Macaulay meeting the K--- on the road, she exclaimed in violent language, "Draw up the blinds, and shield me from the sight of the tyrant!"

Whenever Foote spoke of Mrs. Macaulay, he used to call her, *Brutus without---b---s.**

Mrs. Mattocks was one evening performing the part of the Musical-lady at Portsmouth, in which she says, with some earnest solicitation, "And how shall I go to Italy, my dear Masqually?" A sailor attentively listening, answered, "Why, Madam, with my captain."

Anecdote of Doctor Johnson.

When Doctor Johnson wrote his tragedy of IRENE, he was observed to sit in the boxes with much composure all the time the audience was hissing his piece; when a gentleman said to him, "Does not this illiberal treatment greatly disconcert you, Doctor?" "No, Sir," replied Johnson; "no, Sir; they may as well hiss a poet as Doctor Johnson."

* The reader is supposed to read this breeches.

Anecdote of Rich.

Mr. Rich was without exception the most perfect and agile Harlequin the stage ever produced, and so very nimble was he in his common conduct of life, that he scarce passed a day without some proof of his agility. He once hired a hackney-coach, and bid the man drive to Temple-Bar; when the fellow came there, and opened the door, he found nobody in his coach, upon which he swore, pulled his wig, and grumbling went on to the next stand: before he had been long there, Rich put his head out of the window, and asked him, why he did not drive him to the place he had bid him? the man confounded, swore he had: upon which Rich ordered him to go to Hyde-park-corner; when he came there, he served him the same trick, and the coachman half mad went on the stand again, where he had not been long, but Rich popped his head out of the window again, and bade him make haste and drive him to Covent-Garden; this the fellow did, with a sort of strange surprize and timidity: but coming there, he once more found his coach empty; however, Rich, thinking he had sufficiently teized the poor fellow, came up to him with a half-gui-

nea for his fare : when the fellow staring at him with amazement, swore he would not touch the money, for he could be nothing but the devil, and he was not inclined to sell himself that at price.

Count De L---g--- had long admired Kitty Fisher, and he had made his addressees in vain, not for the want of accomplishments, but of fortune, for the Count was celebrated for his parts. After long sighing, he waited upon her, confessed his passion, and gave her a note of one hundred pounds. She replied, with her usual coolness, " You know, Count, I never take less than two." Upon which, with much chagrin, he withdrew ; but in leaving the room, he discovered a utensil with some contents ; when he taking it in his hand said, " Curse ye for a poor scoundrel, and since you cannot have the meat, e'en taste the liquor."

A Butcher's Bon-Mot.

Two Scots gentlemen passing through Newport-market, observed a fine small bullock hanging up, when one of them said, " Woolly, lad, da you ken that fin Scots beeve ? The Anglish sa, we ha nae fin beef
in

in Scotland---luck you there, Lad!" Upon which the butcher stepped forward, with his rosy, greasy face, and said, "Gentlemen, you are right in part; but the devil a bit of any thing about this bullock belongs to Scotland, but the *horns and bones*." And the Sawneys sneaked away.

Mr. G---, and other wits of the age, were disputing about the utility of the sound of the letter H in the middle of a word; when he, as an orator, powerfully exclaimed how insignificant it was in a variety of situations, which he proved by many excellent passages from the best English authors. After the argument was well exhausted, and the company inclined to his opinion, a dry wag in a corner broke silence, and said, "I have listened, Sir, with much attention to the ingenuity of your assertions; but I should be very glad to know, how you, with the most musical tongue in the kingdom, would sound the word *farthing*, by making the *H* mute?"

A gentleman in the army, who was remarkable for shooting a long bow, was relating ten thousand hair-breadth scapes that he had met with in America; another officer in company,

unable any longer to bear his rodomontade, began to relate his adventures, by saying, "I was in an advanced post of the army, when we fell in with a party of Indians. I discovered one fellow behind a tree aiming at me, upon which I presented my piece and shot him; a second came, I shot him; and a third, and I shot him: at length, a fourth came---" "Well, Sir," says the gentleman, "and what did you do with him?" "Do, Sir! nothing; *he shot me.*" Which silenced the boaster.

Anecdote of the facetious Bonnel Thornton.

Mr. Churchill, and his witty friends, were apt to dispute warmly on matters of religion, and often, with not the most decorum: but they were particularly fond of perplexing Mr. Thornton, who was a warm advocate over his bottle for Christianity; however, these very powerful logicians clubbed a scheme to talk Thornton out of his tenets, beginning coolly, and with temper, and raising the warmth of argument as the liquor rose in the human barometer. At last, they worked so much on Thornton's feelings, that he warmly exclaimed, "I'll give up Christianity if you will allow me a future state." They still persisted, and

and he, unable to oppose the weight of their argument, said, "Well---by *odd!*---I'll give up a future state ; but you shall---by *odd!*---allow me a first cause."

When Lord O--- was putting on his Majesty's shirt, as the lord in waiting, he exclaimed, with some emotion, "What a pity it is, your M--- is a K--- ! What a happy country squire had you been, with an estate of 500*l.* per annum !"

Anecdote in Kew-Gardens.

His M--- walking out early in the morning met one of his head gardeners ; "So," says the K--, "I hear you have a pretty wife, gardener." "Yes," replies the young Adam, "I think her *very pretty in my eyes*, in please your M---." The succeeding morning, the young gardener got his wife up early, and dressed out his Miss Inkle from Cheapside, clean as a carrot, and as the K--- took his walk, they contrived to meet him. "So," says the King, "is this your handsome wife ? Well, keep her to yourself, gardener, for she's not *pretty in my eyes.*"

Anecdote of Voltaire.

When Mr. Voltaire returned from his exile to Paris, he was met at the gates of the city by the officers of the King, who examine all carriages for contraband goods, when one of them thus addressed Voltaire, without knowing him,

N'y est il rien dans la voiture contre les ordonnances du Roi ?

To which the wit replied,

Non---il n'est rien dans la voiture de contraband, que Moi.

F I N I S.